The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1922 No. 2995

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 565

EDITORIALS:
- The Lesson of the British Elections 568
- Anti-War Men Reelected 569
- Another Kansas City Star 569
- The Last First Americans 570

THESE UNITED STATES—XVII. NEW YORK: I. THE CITY—WORK OF MAN. By Ernest H. Gruening 571

THE TURK COMES BACK. By Ludwell Denny 575

BARTERING FOR THE PRESIDENCY. By Arthur Warner 577

WORKERS' EDUCATION: AN INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT. By Fannia M. Cohn 579

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 580

CORRESPONDENCE 581

BOOKS:
- Huneker the Versatile. By Benjamin DeCasseres 582
- Franklin Lane. By Samuel C. Chew 582
- Gentle Bostonians. By Stanley Alden 583
- The Gift of Laughter. By Howard Irving Young 584
- The Unhappy Warrior. By Edwin Seaver 584
- Explaining the Church. By Norman Thomas 585

DRAMA:
- Wages of Sin. By Ludwig Lewisohn 585

THE NATION'S POETRY PRIZE 586

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- The Moscow Sentence 587
- The New United States Tariff. By Karl Radek 588
- The American Tariff: A Bar to Peace. By Gustaf Cassel 590

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

WE are glad that Senator La Follette as chairman of the People's Legislative Service has called progressive citizens to meet in Washington on December 1 to formulate immediate policy in and out of Congress. The impetus of the election must not be permitted to dissipate. The Conference for Progressive Political Action, called for December 11 in Cleveland, will not conflict with Senator La Follette's conference; its farmer-labor constituency knows that in union more than ever there is strength. As for the specific policies to be advocated many suggestions have already been made, notably by Senator Capper in behalf of the Farm Bloc. Any such platform to be effective must be drawn up in consultation with representatives of labor unions and farmers' organizations. We have our own suggestions to make, and submit some of them herewith:

1. Disarmament on land and sea.
2. Defeat of the ship-subsidy bill.
3. Radical downward tariff revision.
4. Readjustment of internal revenue taxes.
5. Repeal of the Esch-Cummins law.
6. Passage of the Dyer anti-lynching bill.
7. Release of all political prisoners.
8. Unconditional recognition of Mexico and Russia.
9. Evacuation of Haiti and Nicaragua.
10. A constitutional convention to revise and modernize the Constitution of the United States.

THE British Parliament just elected can sit at once. It is absurd that the American Congressmen and Senators just elected will not begin to legislate for their constituents until thirteen months after their choice—that is, not until December, 1923—unless Mr. Harding calls an extra session. Meanwhile, if Mr. Harding has his way, the expiring Congress may pass laws totally repugnant to the spirit of the voters, and contrary to their action at the polls. Here is a state of affairs which by itself proves the need of a revision of our Constitution; yet it is but a single example. It is one of the grave defects of our system which has led every one of the new nations to pattern their governments not after us but after Great Britain's institutions. The new German Constitution even provides that the Reichstag must meet within thirty days of an election. Mr. Harding can defy the expressed wish of the leaders of the new Congress if they desire an extra session. Yet our worshipers of things as they be assure us daily that to put a finger to our hoary Constitution would be treason.

IT is a good thing when weeds are chopped off with a hoe before they go to seed, but the good does not last. The roots remain. It is a good thing that the progressive elections have forced Truman Newberry into tardy resignation, but the roots of financial influence are still strong and deep in the political garden. Still, by chopping off his own head Senator Newberry has made it easier for the La Follette group to do serious spade-work digging at the roots of trouble instead of wasting time attacking weed-tops like Newberry and Daugherty. It is just as necessary to swat such men as it is to cut dandelions before they go to seed, but there is always the danger of resting afterward in the comfortable belief that the weed has been killed. Congressmen Woodruff and Keller deserve thanks for their activity in exposing Mr. Daugherty's record—in two years in office he has obtained indictments in only two war-fraud cases and has not brought one important case to trial, and, while opposing the release of political prisoners and even misrepresenting them, he has obtained pardons for real spies and started an American Dreyfus case by persecuting Captain Rosenbluth. But impeachment of Mr. Daugherty would be likely to focus attention on an unimportant individual who is no better and no worse than hundreds of other shysters and lobbyists, and divert attention from the root-evil of financial control of politics and policies.

MEXICO is learning what little nations have to learn: that the only effective way for a small nation to fight a big nation is to make a loud noise unto the world. Big nations do not listen to reasoned argument, and have the undisputed power of more guns, but they are still sensitive to publicity. Fifteen Americans have been killed in Mexico since January 1—that, thanks largely to the State Department, we all know; but we seldom hear that at least twenty-six Mexicans have been killed in the United States in the same period. The Mexican Government's protests finally forced Mr. Hughes to telegraph Governor Neff of Texas, and

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Governor Neff to send State Rangers to Breckenridge, Texas, to protect the Mexicans there who were being intimidated, as one of them had been lynched, by native Americans. The publicity given these protests will help offset the ill effects of months of anti-Mexican propaganda. Mexico has also taken the only effective step to counteract Mr. Hughes's outrageous attempt to dictate her fundamental law. She has published Mr. Summerlin's notes to the Mexican Foreign Minister, giving the State Department's opinion on drafts of Mexican laws which had reached Mr. Hughes by circuitous paths even before they were presented to the Mexican Congress. Mexico, President Obregon announced, would send copies of the correspondence to all the Latin American countries. It will not surprise them; they know too well the nature of American imperialism. But the action has forced the exposure of Hughes diplomacy on the front pages of American newspapers, and in these days of discontent that may do some good.

REPRESENTATIVE FREAR of Wisconsin is doing a public service in hammering away at Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, with a demand that he enforce a little-known section of the revenue act of 1921, apparently adequate to prevent the evasion of individual surtaxes under the income-tax law through the method, increasingly popular among corporations, of stock dividends. Since the decision of the Supreme Court holding that stock dividends do not constitute income, and are therefore not subject to tax, the newspapers have been recording almost daily the intention of various companies to distribute stock dividends. Mr. Frear thinks that the manifest evasion of taxation which such dividends constitute can be met, and was intended to be met, by Section 220 of the Revenue Act of 1921, which reads:

> That if any corporation, however created or organized, is formed or availed of for the purpose of preventing the imposition of the surtax upon its stockholders or members through the medium of permitting its gains or profits to accumulate instead of being divided or distributed, there shall be levied, and collected for each taxable year upon the net income of such corporation, a tax equal to 25 per centum; the amount thereof shall be in addition to the tax imposed by Section 230.

IT is good news that Dr. Wilhelm Cuno has succeeded in completing a Cabinet for the German Republic despite Socialist opposition. A man of rare personal charm and great ability, sufficiently familiar with political life to be able to assume the high office of Chancellor, Dr. Cuno has the great advantage of never having been a politician or allied actively with any of the political parties. As a business man he has been a great success, and in his negotiations with Americans to bring about cooperation between the Hamburg-American and United American lines showed great skill and tact. The German situation seems to call for a non-political business Cabinet, fitted to deal with economic problems—for these are the only ones which can be grappled with today, and upon their solution the fate of Germany will depend. This kind of a Cabinet Dr. Cuno seems to have obtained—at least none of the professional politicians appear on Dr. Cuno's list. A strong Ministry of efficient men of affairs—but not men of the Stinnes type—disregarding all political considerations and meeting the Allies more than half way, may help to change the whole aspect of the tangled European situation.

SO the Governor of a great American State finds it necessary to go to Washington to solicit the aid of the Federal Government in his up-hill battle against the Ku Klux Klan! Well, this is precisely in line with the warnings which have appeared in these columns about the growth of our Fascisti movement, fraught as it is with even greater danger than Mussolini's. Governor Parker's reports make the Louisiana situation much worse than had been realized here; it seems that there have been numerous mysterious disappearances of those who have opposed the Klan. The Klan seems also to have invaded the State government. President Harding and Attorney General Daugherty are reported to have assured Governor Parker of the Federal Government's moral support and to be of the opinion that Louisiana is capable of grappling with this evil. But Louisiana's Governor feels that he can make no effective headway unless the Federal Government and the adjoining States cooperate with him. Since this vicious organization declares itself to be a "hundred per cent Protestant army" it is time for all Protestant clergy who do not believe in hooded knights, "invisible empires," and midnight assassinations to speak out unequivocally.

IT was a British automobile which slid up to the back door of the Sultan's palace, and it was a British warship which carried the cringing descendant of the Othmans away from the vengeance of his people. These facts are part and parcel of the drama of the Near East. It was Britain which held the puppet Sultan in Constantinople and made him sign the Treaty of Sèvres while his people were revolting across the Straits—the same old imperial Britain that for years tried to keep German capital out of the Bagdad Railway, the Britain that openly accepted President Wilson's plea for open diplomacy and secretly bartered for the Mosul oil-wells, the Britain that has long held Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Suez, and Aden, and since the armistice has controlled Constantinople and the gateway to the Black Sea. It is that Britain which now, talking to the world about "minorities" and the "freedom of the Straits"—just as it talked of other minorities and of the "freedom of the seas" in wartime—is lining up the Allies for a new dictation. The method of diplomacy which, applied against Germany and Austria, brought ruin upon half Europe, which, applied against Russia, failed to accomplish anything except aggravation of a famine, is now to be used against Turkey. And, obsessed by the fact that the Turks pray by the Koran rather than by our Bible, millions of good Christian Americans, including Mr. Hughes, indorse the British cause.

GRADUALLY Russia begins to assume the shape and proportions demanded by the United States; the "old" Russia, reaching from sea to sea across Europe and Asia, is emerging. With the threat of the Red Army behind her demands, the Far Eastern Republic has stretched its boundaries to Vladivostok and then joined its vastly increased territories to those of the Soviet Government as an "integral" part of Soviet Russia. In spite of the tendency of our press to look upon the Chita Republic as a Little Red Riding-Hood disappearing down the gullet of the great Russion wolf, it is probable that her position will be that of a federated republic and that she will retain her present democratic forms of government. Nor is her temper as remote from that of her soviet protector as the critics would have us think; in the last elections for the People's Assembly in

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the Far Eastern Republic, carried out freely on a basis of universal suffrage, the Communists won more than three-quarters of the seats. Chita did not obtain even the recognition of the other "democratic" Powers by standing alone and proclaiming belief in representative government; perhaps it will fare better as a part of Soviet Russia. Internationally the importance of this combination lies in the fact that further encroachments on the territory of Siberia will henceforth be encroachments on the territory of the strongest military Power in Europe.

WHETHER the remaining racial and religious minorities in western Turkish territory have been ordered out or are going as a measure of prudence is not of practical consequence. The fact is that hundreds of thousands of Greeks and Armenians who have survived the frightful havoc of war and disease in the last eight years have fled or are expected to do so shortly. Refugees to the number of about a million, in tragic straits of distress and helplessness, are overrunning Greece and nearby countries whose economic resources are insufficient to care for them. Every dictate of humanity demands that America take a leading part in succoring these unfortunates, and there is no more practical way than to allow relatives and friends in the United States to support them or help them to employment here. This is now impossible under our immigration law because the quota limits are already exhausted. Owing to the comparative newness of such immigration the entire annual quota assigned to Turkey is only 2,388 persons, and to Greece 3,294 immigrants. Congress can, and should at once, obviate this difficulty by emergency legislation doing away with, or at least modifying, the quota limits for immigrants from Turkey and Greece for the balance of the current fiscal year. If it is objected that such a course might open the country to disease, the answer is that exclusion would still continue on that ground and that existing law is ample to protect us if adequately enforced. Congress cannot afford to starve our medical-inspection service with insufficient funds, but neither should it ignore a practical method of relief in a great emergency, one which would lay no burden upon taxpayers and would accord with our historic American policy of granting political asylum to the victims of political or racial persecution.

HOW slowly the war-invoked spirit of hatred disappears in this country is apparent once more from the news that the California State Board of Education has denied the petition of 2,000 San Francisco teachers and students that the board permit once more the teaching of German in the high schools. It was forbidden during the war, but one would think that four years after the Armistice the ban might be lifted, not only in response to certain Biblical instructions, such as loving one's enemies, but because no one can deny the educational value of any foreign language. By no means all the treasures of German literature are translated into English, but, even if they were, the right to study these treasures, which are the heritage of all the world, in the tongue in which they were written ought not to be denied in any city in the Union in which it is demanded. It is inconceivable to us that any such stand would be upheld if referred to a vote of the California electorate. In Nebraska it is admitted that the overthrow of Senator Hitchcock was largely due to an antagonism to the laws passed in war time by Nebraska legislatures. One of these forbids the teaching of German and other foreign languages in the lower grades of the schools; a second forbids teachers appearing in the garb of any religious organization, while a third compels all persons who speak in public meetings to use "the language of the United States." Under this last law it would be a crime for Clemenceau or Foch to make a speech anywhere in Nebraska in the French tongue.

THE kind of journalism represented by Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette*, died a good many years before he did. His publication is still found in barber-shops here and there (it used to be as essential as bay rum), but its rivals of a generation ago are mostly extinct, and its own fame is only a memory. Have its functions passed elsewhere, or has the changing public taste outgrown it? Both. The illustrated news of sport and the stage—especially of pugilists and of burlesque queens—which used to be sought in the *Police Gazette* is now printed by the pound in the daily newspapers. But publications like that of Mr. Fox had another appeal. Because of their pictures and stories of sensational and spicy episodes these journals had an admiring clientele of callow masculinity from the age of ten to sixty. In the heydey of the *Police Gazette* women obscured even their ankles, "nice people" did not go to theatrical performances in which the female figure was clothed in tights, and one spoke of a woman's limbs, not her legs. Today, when women are permitted not only to have legs but to display them in knickerbockers, when one may take even his country aunt to a stage production that is mostly a billow of lingerie, there is no lure in a magazine merely because it shows women in tights or reveals the curve of a calf. The callow males who once hung about the Flatiron Building on a windy day are no longer excited by the revelation of an ankle, and the eclipse of publications like the *Police Gazette* is really a sign of progress in common sense.

WHETHER the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. de Forest to the Metropolitan Museum in New York—a new wing to be devoted to American art of the Colonial, Revolutionary, and early republican periods of our country—is to be $200,000 or $2,000,000, it is a benefaction which we hail with delight. So, too, will everybody else who has understanding and appreciation of that time in our history when we were developing along original lines an art and architecture worthy of the country's ideals and aspirations. Alas, no similarly valuable creative periods are to be recorded in our history, and the lessons of the early days need to be held before the American public at every opportunity. Already there is on hand a mass of matter to be exhibited. Mrs. Russell Sage has donated the Bolles collection of early American furniture, and the contents and setting of the exquisite Wentworth-Gardner home in Portsmouth are ready to be set up in the de Forest wing, which is to be built with a special view to their accommodation. None of Mr. de Forest's many benefactions surpass this and none entitles him and Mrs. de Forest to greater gratitude. To George G. Heye, founder of the newly opened Museum of the American Indian, should likewise go the country's thanks, for that most worth-while institution was opened in its beautiful new home in upper New York on November 15. It is reported that it begins with the amazing number of 1,800,000 specimens of Indian life on this continent. Even with far fewer it would still rank as one of the greatest cultural achievements of recent years.

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The Lesson of the British Elections

BRITAIN'S elections revealed a mood which was a strange combination of America's moods of 1920 and of 1922. England turned down Mr. Lloyd George with as heavy a thud as the United States turned down Mr. Wilson in 1920. Mr. Bonar Law preached a policy of "tranquillity" as comfortably as Mr. Harding preached normalcy in 1920, and England showed the same readiness to exchange the exciting and eccentric brilliance of Lloyd George for the dull but safe conservatism of Mr. Bonar Law as this country showed two years ago to exchange Mr. Wilson's enthusiasm for interesting but spineless crusades for Mr. Harding's promise of mediocrity and a middle course.

But Britain in 1922 also showed something of the adventuresome independence which characterized our American elections in the Middle West this year. She made the Labor Party the second party in Parliament. The voters lustily bespoke their enthusiasm for men who had dared to stand by their pacifist convictions in war time. C. P. Trevelyan, who resigned from the Asquith Cabinet rather than share responsibility for the war in August, 1914, was triumphantly returned as a Labor Party candidate—he was a Liberal before the war—from Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Philip Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald, Arthur Ponsonby, Noel Buxton, George Lansbury—the stalwart internationalists of the old Independent Labor Party—will strengthen His Majesty's Opposition in the new Parliament. And E. D. Morel, one of the bravest of the bold little group who held the banner of truth high throughout the war, actually led Winston Churchill, the fire-eating ex-Secretary of War, imperialist-in-chief for all the new British dominions, by nearly 10,000 votes in Dundee! Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Georgian who was chiefly responsible for the Black-and-Tan excesses in Ireland, was roundly trounced. Indeed, the electors showed plainly that they had small enthusiasm for any of the precious crew that led them through the war. Arthur Henderson, Labor member of the Cabinet, 1916-1918, lost. Mr. Asquith himself had a close time at Paisley, and Mr. Bonar Law found Glasgow rougher sledding than he had dreamed.

The Conservatives have a safe majority in Parliament, but no more, and they are actually a minority in the country. Fear of so great a majority that the old power of the House of Lords might be restored proved groundless. And, just as La Follette and Borah sit among the Republicans here, so Lord Robert Cecil, Henry Bentinck, and other Liberals-at-heart class themselves as Conservatives in England. There will be no great change in policy. Lord Curzon is Foreign Minister again; the chief difference is that the dramatic interventions of his former chief are at an end. Curzon is no democrat; he believes in tortuous tractations, but at least he knows which is Upper and which Lower Silesia, as Mr. Lloyd George did not.

What is to follow the Conservative regime? That is the question which stirs men's minds in England today. England is as certain that Bonar Law's comfortable dulness is only a stop-gap as Americans have come to be that the Harding normalcy cannot last. There seemed, before the election, to be three possibilities: a return to Lloyd George and opportunism, a neo-Asquithian Liberalism, or Labor. Lloyd George, with his forty-six followers in the new Parliament, is a defeated man; his shiftiness has received a thorough burial. For all his newspaper Peers, he is done. Asquithian Liberalism seemed another possibility. There is a staunch tradition of genuine Liberalism in England. But these elections have shown that it needs new leaders. Mr. Asquith led his country into war. Neither he nor Sir Edward Grey can ever again command real enthusiasm. Middle-of-the-road Liberalism is out of fashion the world over; it is the very bone of British tradition, but it is a casualty of the war. So the Labor Party has come into its own as the leader of the Opposition. It won 59 seats in December, 1918; it won more than 140 this year. Its four and a quarter million votes were more than both wings of the Liberals combined could poll, and a proportional system of representation would give it an even larger Parliamentary strength than it has. England has made it plain that to wishy-washy Liberalism she prefers an out-and-out Labor Party, opposed to wars of prestige in the Near East, ready to recognize Soviet Russia *de facto* and *de jure* at once, pledged to nationalization of the coal mines and to a capital levy to meet the tax burden at home, and resolutely opposed to domination of either foreign or domestic policy by financial interests.

How did the Labor Party reach this position? Years of unremitting hard work lie behind it. Undoubtedly one of its greatest assets was the fact that in all the post-war crises it has fought the possibility of new foreign wars. It fought intervention in Russia; it alone stood out against Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to plunge into a new war against Turkey. Its leaders have understood the interrelationship of Europe and have preached a policy of reconciliation. At home it has been anti-protectionist. It has had a tax policy of its own. Indeed, one of the most significant things about this great party has been its readiness to use the intellectuals to help it formulate its program. It has absorbed the truly liberal Liberals who were willing to learn the lessons of the war. It has maintained the firm economic basis which its reliance upon the trade unions has given it, and yet has not intolerantly confined itself to manual workers. Its program has recognized that the term "worker" includes most of the population of any modern country. And it has left a large measure of autonomy to its local branches. Its strength is the strength of federation, built from below.

In these circumstances, we believe, lies an important lesson for the coming third party in America. If it does not shun the fake liberals who are now talking of joining it, and erstwhile Progressives such as Medill McCormick and Albert J. Beveridge, it will lose its footing and be carried away in a vague stream of personal politics. The real strength of the new movement in the West is that it is a real farmer-labor movement, with its roots in the soil. The railroad unions played a significant part in giving La Follette his thundering majority in Wisconsin; the votes of the railroad unions, of the Mine Workers, the Garment Workers, and the Typographers, and other unions in favor of independent political action, indicate that the time is at last ripe for a national movement in this country which would be our American parallel—with more emphasis upon an agricultural program—to the British Labor Party movement. For such a movement to succeed, the liberal political leaders of today, like the true-blue Liberals in England, must be ready to give up the prestige of the old parties and frankly throw in their lot with the new alliance of the producing classes.

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Anti-War Men Reelected

NO more significant fact stands out in the American election results than the return to public life of men who were driven from it because they refused to vote for war with Germany and stood upon their historic American right, almost unquestioned in any other war in which this country ever engaged, to dissent from its war policy. The outstanding case is that of former Congressman Clarence C. Dill of Washington, to which we called attention last week. He voted in the House against the declaration of war on April 5, 1917, as he had told his constituents he would do if war threatened, and for doing so he was, in the succeeding hysteria and passion, driven out of public life. When he declared his candidacy for United States Senator this year people scoffed. He won the nomination and then faced Senator Poindexter, so long a popular Progressive statesman that no one dreamed that he was beatable. During the campaign, Mr. Dill's anti-war record was cited against him. He gloried in it. He would say to the voters: "I promised you that I would do my best to keep this country out of war unless it was in danger of invasion. I kept faith with you, did I not? And I was punished for it. I am here today again for your votes, not regretting or withdrawing those sentiments." Curiously enough, this avowal was always followed by such applause that the opposition newspapers which had at first dwelt upon his "un-American conduct" found it convenient to forget about it. Mr. Dill now goes triumphantly to the Senate where he will be its youngest member as he is but thirty-eight years old.

Wisconsin has done more than return La Follette, who voted against the war and openly opposed it. Congressmen Cooper and Browne of that State, who were defeated, respectively, in 1918 and 1920, because of their attitude on the war were this year renominated and reelected. Congressman Berger did not have the chance to vote against the war, as he would like to have had, but he has been elected for the third time since the beginning of the war, and it is an interesting fact that the indictments against him in two United States courts in Wisconsin for his alleged violation of the espionage laws have been dismissed since his reelection. The Supreme Court long ago reversed the conviction secured in Judge Landis's prejudiced court.

In Ohio General Isaac R. Sherwood, the 87-year-old pacifist, who is also a veteran of the Civil War, has rewon his seat in Congress after having been ousted because he could not without protest see his country commit the blunder of entering a European war. In Montana, as we have also reported, the newly chosen Senator Burton K. Wheeler, who during the war was viciously charged with sympathy with sedition, found his record a help and not a hindrance. Congressman Evans of that State has been reelected on a platform calling for disarmament and a referendum before any declaration of war. His conscience troubles him, he says, because he is no longer sure that he voted right when he cast his ballot for war on that fatal April 5. Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, of Illinois, is another newly elected member of Congress who favors a war referendum, as do La Follette and numerous others. As in England, the tide is turning with the electorate. And with the return to public life of men and women who will stand against war, there comes new hope of outlawing the most damnable and the foulest of human institutions.

Another Kansas City Star

WHO can fail to thrill to the news that a fifteen-year-old girl, Marion Talley, sang the other day before the greatest opera directors, the most skilled of conductors, the wisest of music patrons, and amazed them all by the beauty and range of her voice? From Kansas City she came, attended by a retinue of family and friends, to stand before the footlights as unmoved by the critics beyond them as if Trilby the hypnotized. Nor was there any elation when the ordeal was successfully over; the day's work was done and the next thing was to get ready to go back home. Aid? None was needed. For once the rich patrons of the musical arts were not to be appealed to; their verdict could be rendered without dread of resulting liabilities. For there were two Kansas City lawyers in the party, neither wild enthusiasts nor men bent upon a sentimental journey. "Just plain, hard-boiled lawyers," they called themselves, who had come with Marion to get the most critical of judgments upon her. With them were the two women who will go down to fame as "they who discovered Marion Talley." Money? No, indeed. Kansas City takes care of its own and needs no help from any metropolis; just before she left a woman's club sent her a check, and there are plenty more to be had.

So, when the day comes upon which Marion makes her debut in the Metropolitan and the house sways with cheers and the footlights are piled high with flowers torn from corsages in the boxes and flung at the feet of youth, beauty, and talent triumphant, Kansas City will be there, the "hard-boiled" lawyers, the women who first heard, saw, and knew, the parents who, all unwitting, brought another prodigy into the world, and the rest of the town even unto third and fourth cousins. No one person shall claim the credit then, but Kansas City itself, bursting with pride of ownership. The same "burg" at which the effete East has so long scoffed, that has boasted of its *Star* paper, of its stockyards, its forest of wholesale houses, its cowboys on the streets, its brand-new boulevards, its bluffs above the Father of Waters, will "tell the world" that it found and treasured a greater than Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar combined: "When it comes to genius, oh, boy, our little town don't take second place to none!"

Fortunate prodigy! Fortunate city! Marion's is not to be the rough road of child genius "shut up in that room in company with scales and arpeggios and a heart as full of wishes as that blue sea yonder full of gay white sails." Pity all prodigies, it used to be, those pitiful little slaves driven by a lash, exploited by parents, plundered of youth and education that the day of money-making might come soon. There was Paganini, first of the virtuosi, six years younger than Marion when he startled the world, but already bent, misshapen, and distorted by ten hours of fiddling a day, deprived of food whenever he made the slightest mistake or craved an hour of freedom to live and play and smile. Surely now it will be Marion Talley, Incorporated, with preferred and common stock and debenture bonds, if need be. And the best of play, the best of food, and the best of teaching, and wonderful cities to see, and all the artists in the world to hear. For her the path to success, straight and clear and even. For us once more the greatest of Nature's marvels and riddles. Why Kansas City and not Juneau? Why Marion and not Alice, or Grace, or Mary, or Jane? Out of what ether, by what wireless, whence the divine spark?

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The Last First Americans

IF the Bursum Indian Bill passes the House, as it has passed the Senate, the State of New Mexico in particular (for three Santa Fe lawyers claim credit for it) and the United States in general will have enacted the doom of the Pueblo Indians. They are the last American Indians whose civilization and culture have persisted to the present day in anything like their fine primitive form—a precious heritage and asset to the country at large.

The Pueblos, with the single exception of the Zunis, do not live on government reservations but in small, isolated tribal groups massed in communal adobe villages, scattered north and south for a hundred and fifty miles along the Rio Grande, from Taos to Albuquerque and thence westward into the desert, nearly to the Arizona line. They have, so far as the memory of man carries, been a peaceful race of farmers and craftsmen; a race infinitely more closely attached to and bred into a particular piece of soil than even such French racial and cultural units as the Bretons and the Alsatians. A Taos Pueblo is quite as different from a Zuni as a Breton from an Alsatian Frenchman, in custom, dress, language, even in the method of wearing his long hair. The first white men who came to the Southwest, the Spanish priests and generals, made no attempt to eject the diverse tribes from the fruitful tracts of irrigated land where they were found. On the contrary, the Spaniards affirmed and confirmed the rights of every tribal unit by making every Pueblo village the center of a grant of land, generally measured a league each way from the pueblo church, containing about 17,000 acres—a grant inalienable and held in common.

It is the claims against these original Spanish land grants, the purchase grants which were legally added to them by the various Pueblo tribes, and the water rights pertaining to both that are chiefly in question in the Bursum bill. In taking over New from old Mexico, our Government formally confirmed to the Pueblos the rights held under the Spanish Crown and to every tribe gave for its land a patent in fee simple, communally held. The original document, signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1862, is the most treasured possession of each Pueblo tribe. Even before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo there had been encroachments on Indian land, and ever since, year by year, in almost every Pueblo grant, especially in the northern jurisdiction, acreage has been reduced by the intrusion of non-Indian squatters until in the pueblo of Picuris—to cite examples—only forty irrigated acres of the original grant remain in the hands of the tribe, while in the pueblo of San Juan outsiders are in possession of 3,412 of the 4,000 irrigable acres—leaving only 588 acres to yield a living to 432 Indians. Yes, an island of irrigated land surrounded by a ditch is a rather valuable thing in the desert, and why should a red man in a blanket have a claim to it anyhow? What if his ancestors did grub the soil and dig the ditch? Better men are now at hand. Some such reasoning, conscious or unconscious, has prevailed in the New Mexico courts—the courts of a pioneer territory and a pioneer State, where the juries have chiefly consisted of the friends of the claimants.

The Bursum bill perpetuates and legalizes the unsquare deal. Every section of the bill is unfavorable to the Indians, favorable to those who claim against them. Some final adjustment of the claims must, to be sure, be made, in the interest of both Indians and non-Indians. Some of the encroachments rest on seventy-five or more years of occupancy and some have a quasi-legal basis. Under the Mexican rule and in the early territorial days many Indians holding individual sections of Pueblo land (by custom, not by law) sold or bartered or gave pieces of land to Spanish-American settlers. The descendants of such settlers, or those who have bought from them in good faith, have equal rights in equity, if not in law, with the Indians. Only in 1913 did the Federal Supreme Court (Sandoval case) establish that the Pueblos were wards of the Government, with no legal right to sell an acre of their land.

But when the bill proposes to accept as prima facie evidence of boundaries of claims against the Indians the survey made by the Indian Office in 1914 to determine what persons were on the land, not to establish boundaries, and to compensate the Indians from hypothetical public irrigable land adjacent to the pueblos, or else with moneys to be obtained from non-specified sources and administered by the Secretary of the Interior; when it proposes to confirm the ownership of all those who have squatted since 1900 without color of right, the compensation to be decreed by the United States District Court and administered by the Secretary of the Interior (who happens now to be the familiar Mr. Fall)—that means that the very men whose duty it is to protect the Pueblos are selling them out. Land outside of the pueblo boundaries, even if such land be obtainable, is no substitute to the Pueblo Indian for his own lands inside the pueblos, and the permanent intrusion of non-Indian settlers into the heart of his communal life is destructive to his sacred institutions.

The bill has other bad features. In New Mexico the ditch is the life-stream of the land. The Bursum bill seriously limits Pueblo water rights, thereby placing an embargo on growth in progress and population. It encourages litigation about land and water between Indians and non-Indians and even throws into the Federal Court disputes between rival factions within the Pueblo tribe.

The questions raised in the Bursum bill are neither Republican nor Democratic, and it is most unfortunate that they have taken on the color of a political and racial struggle simply because the claimants to Indian land happen to be largely Spanish-American Republican voters. Opposition to the bill should be nation-wide and party-free unless America wishes to see the Pueblo civilization die within the next ten years. The tribes which are still primitively vigorous are those, like Santo Domingo, or Zuni (on its reservation), where there has been little or no encroachment; the tribes that are dead or dying, like Pojoaque, Picuris, Nambe, are those which have been unable to prevent non-Indian elements from creeping like a net about their communal villages. Congress should kill the Bursum bill and devise instead some measure, perhaps a Court of Private Land Claims, which will finally establish rights and boundaries in a manner fair to all. If our Government could be moved to spend a few hundreds of thousands of dollars on water storage and pumpage, so that more of the now barren tracts included in the Pueblo lands could be put under irrigation, then the settlers might be left in possession of many of their present holdings and the Pueblos still be able to make an honest living from their crops of corn and beans, and to pursue their beautiful handicrafts in peace.

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These United States—XVII[1]

NEW YORK: I. The City—Work of Man

By ERNEST H. GRUENING

CERTAIN broad facts about New York are obvious. It has become the metropolis of our planet. London, by virtue of the steady inclusion of adjoining districts, still surpasses Greater New York's population of 5,802,638. And while other European capitals retain vestiges of their power and glory—Paris is still by a dwindling margin the leader in feminine fashion and the pleasure capital of mankind—New York surpasses them all. Its high finance settles the fate of nations. Its shops display the rarest and costliest of the earth's goods. It assembles the brains and talent in business, invention, and the arts. It is the lodestone for ambition, the ultimate of human gregariousness, the culmination of twentieth-century civilization. Here nature has been pushed back to the vanishing-point to make way for a house built by human hands, a great synthetic monolith of steel and cement and stone, an ordered macrocosm to house man and his works.

It is a farther cry, a more quaintly grotesque contrast than even our land of great change can show elsewhere, from the island which the Dutch traders settled in 1613 to the Manhattan of today. They found, the historian[2] tells us, "its lower end made up of wooded hills and grassy valleys, rich in wild fruits and flowers, and its middle portion covered in part by a chain of swamps and marshes and a deep pond, with a tiny island in the middle, while to the northward it rose into high rocky ground, covered by a dense forest, which was filled with abundance of game. Smaller ponds dotted the island in various places, and these with a score of brooks and rivulets swarmed with fish." For nearly two centuries man remained little more than a furtive intruder, an inconsequential guest among the hills and dales of Manhattan. A genial settlement at its lower tip expanded into a town and here and there amid the wilderness of its upper reaches sparse hamlets nestled. Hardly more than a century and a quarter ago Mrs. John Adams wrote from her residence in Lispenard's meadows—south of Greenwich Village: "The venerable oaks and broken ground, covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot which is truly enchanting. A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security, for I have, as much as possible, prohibited the grounds from invasion, and sometimes also wished for game-laws when my orders have not been regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon are too great temptations for the sportsman to withstand."

And then in 1811—eight years after the City Hall had been faced with red sandstone on the north (while the other three façades were of marble) because "few citizens would ever reside on that side"—the brain of man shaped the destiny of New York and made it what it is today. The "city plan," laid out with what many decried as reckless fantasy the city that might some day be. It is related that the three commissioners, while examining the ground one fine day, stopped to discuss the problem near a pit where workmen were screening gravel. In illustration of his ideas one of the trio began to trace with his cane a rough map of the island. As he finished the outline and was about to sketch his proposed system of streets the sun, emerging from behind a passing cloud, shone through the screen throwing its criss-cross shadow upon the map. "There is the plan," exclaimed another; and immediately it was adopted. The authenticity of this story may be dubious, but certain it is that for all time the shadow of that gravel screen will darken the Island of Manhattan. From then on the rigid lines of this plan seared their way through the rolling, smiling woods and fields, disregarding topography, leveling hills, smothering brooks and rivulets, crushing nature into a man-made mold, as artificially as a Chinese woman's foot. The assumption that the lines of traffic would always be from river to river instead of north and south was wrong, of course. But for a century, instead of attempting to rectify the mistake, New York proceeded to suppress all traces of its heritage, to will nature to conform to its error. Relentlessly it has tunneled through rock, buried rods beneath the surface the rebelling springs and streams it could not annihilate, flattening every undulation, straightening every variation, squeezing itself into endless rows of rectangles, as impersonal as pig iron.

Was not here for the first time cast and forecast the regimentation that is America?

The prescription which patterned the body of Manhattan likewise gripped its soul. Impersonal, a vast amorphy of stereotypes, its complex formlessness, its decentralization have given it a myriad-faceted character all its own. Of the countless generalizations leveled at New York few are wholly true, few wholly false. There are a thousand New Yorks, overlapping, disparate, visible, hidden, obvious, obscure, material, spiritual, forming the gamut of human experience. Yet each of these microcosms pays toll to the surrounding larger entity, subject to its environment, to its dangers, to its drifts, like a protozoon in a teeming sea.

Of the generalizations there is, first, that no New Yorkers know New York and that few love it. It has become too vast and too heterogeneous for either intimate acquaintance or deep affection. Within its immensity a New Yorker may know his neighborhood, his beat, his district. He may love his home, his set, his club, but only vaguely if at all does he relate this fondness to the civic background. Devotion to his section of the city is wholly lacking. As for the cosmopolis, he ignores its history, its traditions, its most elementary topography, its unparalleled resources, intellectual and material. Nor is this average of ignorance wrought through the presence of its vast number of foreigners and native strangers. The indigenous know and care about as little and apparently have always been as indifferent. A spiritual heritage more glorious than any in the land is as

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For obvious reasons New York State has been divided into two articles. In this series W. A. White wrote on Kansas, April 19; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 28; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9; Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23; Arthur Warner on Delaware, September 6; E. E. Miller on Tennessee, September 20; George P. West on California, October 4; Zona Gale on Wisconsin, October 18; Leonard Lanson Cline on Michigan, November 1, and Basil Thompson on Louisiana, November 15.

[2] Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

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spurned by neglect as are nature's lavish gifts all about.

In his author's apology to the Knickerbocker History of New York, Washington Irving wrote that he "was surprised to find how few of my fellow-citizens were aware that New York had ever been called New Amsterdam . . . or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors." How many New Yorkers today know that their city was once called New Orange? How many can name the villages which were obliterated by the Juggernauting city plan? Greenwich Village, uniquely revived, and Murray Hill, the only eminence below Morningside which did not wholly yield to the general leveling, and Harlem, but a generation ago a separate entity, survive as place names and localities. But who can locate Yorkville, Chelsea, Bull's Head Village, Bloomingdale, Richmond Hill, Odellville, Carmansville, Mount Pleasant? The city plan has blotted them out, except where here and there the slightest trace of irregularity, a jog in the sidewalk, a slightly curving alley, betrays to the curious antiquarian a sentimental remnant of the past.

But it is not in a relatively unimportant assimilation of sterile facts that the New Yorker lags behind his brother Philadelphian or Bostonian. In those historic cities no "city plan" artificially erased ancient landmarks and frontiers; instead the old settlements have fused gradually, preserving their ancient contours, evolving naturally to modernity. It is only in a slight degree pertinent that these cities are smaller. When Boston reaches New York's present size, the Back Bay, Charlestown, Chelsea, the North, West, and South Ends will persist, individual and colorful, woven into their greater city as the figures in an Oriental rug—unlike the linoleum carpet of New York.

Nor is it merely in the physiographic that New York has submerged its component parts. Long before the city achieved its metropolitan bulk, when it was still "little old New York," it appeared careless of its localism, indifferent to its civic entity. It was as if the city had been aware somehow of a national, a cosmic role, which made local concerns, local pride mere provincialism. The Massachusetts tradition has permeated the land, sanctified at the source, wafted abroad with the blessings of each succeeding generation, its relics carefully treasured and displayed. New England has captured American history. It has made 1620 the great date, the Mayflower the great argosy. It has striven manfully and successfully in most quarters in making Puritanism our great cult. It has unblinkingly exalted as sheer ruggedness the intolerance, the harshness, the bigotry inextricably mingled with the brave pioneering of its founders. It has almost succeeded in making its own paternity the national fatherhood.

Yet nearly a century before, an Italian—a Florentine sailing for a French king—had discovered New York. Dutchmen were comfortably settled on Manhattan when the first boatload scrambled ashore on Plymouth Rock. And where the Puritans who had dared greatly for freedom of worship persecuted the slightest forms of dissent, and practiced wanton deviltries on helpless women in the name of the Lord, the Dutch colony welcomed their exiles. Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson both found refuge in New Amsterdam, where the mother country's traditional policy of religious toleration prevailed. In consequence colonists of every faith, Waldenses from Piedmont, Huguenots, Swedish and German Lutherans, Scotch Presbyterians, English Independents, Moravians, Anabaptists, and Jews gathered there. Some eighteen languages were spoken in New Amsterdam about 1650. Indeed the "polyglot boarding-house," derided in our time as a latter-day plague, is of ancient lineage, while the most inherently American doctrines of religious toleration, of personal freedom are our Netherlandish, our New Amsterdam, our Manhattan heritage. The Puritans who have appropriated it honored it only in the breach except as applied to themselves.

Revolutionary history repeats the abnegation. The Boston Massacre has been popularly credited with the first bloodshed for the principles of our War of Independence. Yet six weeks before a two days' skirmish between the King's soldiers and the Sons of Liberty was fought around what is now City Hall Park, and the unhonored and unsung sailor lad who there received a mortal thrust from a British bayonet was the first to sacrifice his life in the cause of freedom. Where Boston has erected a monument to Crispus Attucks and his fellows on Boston Common, an obscure tablet in the dingy post-office building alone records the Battle of Golden Hill. And so on. How many New Yorkers know that New York was for six years the national capital? Faneuil Hall in Boston and Independence Hall in Philadelphia and other less important settings of great incidents are preserved and cherished, and in their shadows the atmosphere of olden time lingers pleasingly, hardly dispelled by the encroachment of the modern city all around. Who can walk across the Common in the heart of Boston without a reminiscent thrill? Yet in lower New York Washington walked, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Adams—here our nation struggled in its infancy—and not a trace remains. Federal Hall, where Congress first assembled, vanished over a century ago. Cherry Street, where Washington and Hancock lived—one of the beautiful residential streets of its day—long ago passed into a filthy slum. St. Paul's, where the first President worshiped—surrounded by the graveyard where not a few of his time are buried—is miraculously preserved, its dark slender spire seemingly as accidental in its survival among the towering polyhedra of business as a violet emerging between the flagstones of lower Broadway. St. Paul's and Fraunces's Tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers, are virtually the only links that connect what was the old New York with the era of the founding fathers.

Recently the *Globe*, New York's oldest paper, printed a series of articles on "things as old as the *Globe*"; that is, which were extant in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The remnants of old New York were countable on the fingers of two hands. The two structures above mentioned, an ancient residence on Cherry Street scarce recognizable as a tenement, a beautiful mansion on State Street, its architecture happily preserved in its present function as a Catholic home for immigrant girls, parts of the Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, and a small piece of the old Jewish burying-ground in the new Bowery, consecrated in 1656—these six remain. The outlying sections of the present, but not the old, city are more fortunate. In upper New York the Dyckman House, the Van Cortlandt and Jumel mansions, and a bare score of houses in Brooklyn and on Staten Island have, thanks to a few public-spirited citizens, escaped the utilitarian pressure of the day—and with the awakening to a sense of their values, let us hope, permanently. Indeed, when we speak of what remains of old New York the term is wholly relative. Here and there bits of yesterday's charm still linger—North Washington Square, still almost intact; the London Terrace in West Twenty-third, Stuyvesant Place, Front Street—a fading remnant making a brief but valiant stand against

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the onrushing day. The city as no other on earth is constantly destroying and replacing itself—only the pattern persists, mortmain of the city plan. Scarcely a section has been preserved to the uses of its beginning for a full lifetime. Every epoch thus far has been a transient phase. Throughout most of lower Manhattan one can observe from a given spot the varying architectures of ten successive decades. The abstract thing—New York—the city itself, alone has remained, demonstrating ruthlessly its dominance over all its parts. No place, no period, no personality have been spared. A very few New Yorkers may still be living who recollect the canal in Canal Street, charmingly lined with brass-knockered residences, but the grandsires of the oldest were still unborn when the Broad Street canal placidly reflected the gabled houses bordering it. Every New Yorker recalls the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whose history is so inextricably woven into the political life of the nation. Fewer remember the Astor House's greatness, and very few indeed the heyday of the City Hotel, New York's leading hostelry in the first half of the last century. The City Arms and the Province Arms of Colonial days are forgotten. There are many New Yorkers who remember Tiffany's on Union Square, but few who recall it on Broome Street; many who clearly recall the joys of the Eden Musée with its chamber of horrors and Ajeeb, the chess automaton, but to whom the greater wonders and freaks of John Scudder's American Museum and the rival establishment of Reuben Peale, both later acquired by Phineas T. Barnum, are unknown. Many of Columbia's living graduates spent their constricted college lives around the old brick buildings of Forty-ninth Street, and recently the university bestowed an honorary degree on a centenarian whose undergraduate days were lived on Murray Street. But nowhere is the past so quickly buried as in New York.

"Everything in New York is a nine days' wonder." These were the words of Tammany's present Chief Sachem in disparaging a political flurry that was distasteful to him. Tammany has always known its New York, where no sensation survives the day. In Chicago the Great Fire, the World's Fair, the Iroquois Theater holocaust, the Eastland disaster are still constantly recurring topics. New York had her great fire, and for a time the year of its occurrence was so labeled, a disaster of sufficient dimensions to precipitate a national financial panic; more recently New York has had her Triangle holocaust, her General Slocum disaster, her Wall Street explosion, but they are swept into the oblivion of the past. New York has no monuments for her dead. She alone survives.

Neither has she thrones for her living. A contemporary Julius Caesar would never aspire to more than second place in our metropolis. There are no firsts in New York, scarcely any seconds or thirds. In the great cities of other lands which are also political capitals, kings, presidents, premiers with their satellites dominate, at least for the period of their brief authority. In those cities the social structure is concentric. Whatever their size is, or may be, their human pinnacles are as outstanding as the castle towers in a medieval town. Other American cities have their first families, their founders, their big business dominators. But who is first or even second in New York? Not the mayor of the city, not the president of the university, not the senior senator, not the editor of one of its great dailies, not the president of its leading banking institution, not the archbishop or bishop, nor the richest man in the world, nor the greatest tenor of the ages. Satraps in their own little circles, they are at best captains and majors in New York's army of humanity. Even the social oligarchy, the category of snobbery, in New York is but a pale phantasm in the city's imagination. The vast public which gleans some vicarious satisfaction from reading of the activities of "Society" either through the social columns or through the occasional effervescence of some scandal or tragedy in the magazine section of the yellow journals is dimly acquainted with the names of a few "great" families. The "four hundred" remains, a pleasing if attenuated fetich. But the individuals here as always in New York are lost in the shuffle. There are Vanderbilts and Astors, but there is no Vanderbilt and no Astor, and their names have become largely symbols, of which the frequent parodic combination in one name affords evidence. Their world is not in New York the pinnacle of a structure toward which the millions climb, but merely a unit, a cell, a sphere, one of many in the vast whole.

What then is New York? And whose is New York? It is not the New York of those whose houses are carefully boarded and electrically protected from May to November —the New York of which Edith Wharton writes so well. It is not the New York of the politicians, either of enduring Tammany or ephemeral Fusion. Indeed it is essentially characteristic of democracy's metropolis that nowhere is the governmental structure of less import in the life of its citizens. Not one New Yorker in ten knows the name of his Congressman, and not one in a hundred the names of his State senator, assemblyman, alderman, or the number of the congressional and assembly districts in which he lives and can vote. It is not the New York of banking and great business—the city of the twentieth-story luncheon clubs. It is not the New York of the cloak-and-suit trade—a world that supports its own daily newspapers. It is not the New York of the theater or of music. It is not the New York of the swarming ghettoes—Lower or Upper East Side, Bronx or Brownsville, the vast domain of Yiddish newspapers and a thousand synagogues. It is not the Negro New York of Harlem or the San Juan Hill district. It is not the great Italy south of Washington Square, not the little Syria of Hudson Street, nor the Athens of Pearl Street, nor the Sparta of the Tenderloin, nor any of the exotic worlds lodged in our midst, representing almost every land and sect on earth. It is not the Bohemia or pseudo-Bohemia of Greenwich Village. It is not the New York of the countless restaurants, paneled grills, and coffee houses. All these New Yorks have had their chronicles, many of them faithful and brilliant. The Wall Street of Edwin Lefevre, the New York of crime portrayed by Arthur Train and Arthur Stringer, the Jewish New York of Abraham Cahan, James Oppenheim, Bruno Lessing. There is the New York of the current types—Chimmie Fadden, Van Bibber, Potash and Perlmutter. There is the unspecialized New York—the New York of a million comedies and tragedies of everyday life, recorded among others by Harris Merton Lyon, Gouverneur Morris in his earlier stories, and of course by O. Henry, whose stories about the city come closer to being its epic than anything in our literature—each story a chapter in the book, a flash in the great moving picture, a novel indeed of apparently unrelated fragments in which the great central theme, the central figure—it can scarcely be called hero or heroine—is New York. There has never been the "great New York novel" just as

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there has never been the "great American novel," and we are as little likely to get one as the other.

What, indeed, is New York? In vain may one seek to capture its spirit, to define its catholicity. Throughout the land it is the target for the scorn, suspicion, and antipathy of villager or provincial. At the same time it is his pride and boast, the goal of ever-projected pilgrimages of pleasure or profit, and with or without his cognizance the arbiter of his manners and thoughts. It designs his clothes, it supplies his music, in large part his books and magazines —even his newspaper has New York's imprimatur on all but the local news. He may berate it as the temple of Mammon, as a hotbed of vice and iniquity, as foreign, continental, un-American. But he projects his local hotel on the model of its great caravanseries. Its Woolworth and Flatiron buildings are national monuments to him. Its Broadway is reproduced in the "gay white way" of his town. Its business axioms become his own, its speed, its "pep," its magnificence, its idolatry of success his constant admiration and inspiration.

"A fine city to visit, a poor city to live in." How many times has it been said! And despite its triteness it voices in varying degree the individual's fear of insignificance in the great mass. But the tribute exacted goes beyond personal submergence. In New York, despite its transcendent opportunities, one confronts also as nowhere else in the world the frustrations of modern material civilization. New York is its masterpiece, its *magnum opus*. And New Yorkers pay the price. Throughout their childhood and through their lives millions are denied horizontal vision. Their outlook is eternally on stone or brick walls. Even the sky is circumscribed, shrouded in dust, its vault gouged by great cornices. There is limitation not only for the eye, but for every sense. Nowhere has constriction been carried further. In the poorest sections the population reaches a density not approached elsewhere on earth. To the great apartment-renting middle class, space—or rather lack of it —becomes an ever-intruding factor. The very word kitchenette began as a New York colloquialism, and the problem of a room more or less, or even of the size or number of closets, often profoundly affects the habits and life of the entire family. On Fifth Avenue one still sees the palaces of the very rich, Gothic and Renaissance chateaux flush with the street. The demolition of ten-story buildings to substitute others a few stories higher is a common phenomenon. The rearrangement of business interiors, the erection of partitions, the frantic attempts to re-deal space are as characteristic of New York as trail-blazing of the wilderness. Nowhere can the New Yorker stand off to gaze at a beautiful edifice—his church, his theater are mortised into the city's blocks, troweled into indistinguishable conformity like the bricks of adjacent walls. And whatever adornment the sculptor may have wrought on façade or cornice is hopelessly skied in the narrow corridors of New York's thoroughfares.

The constriction is clearly more than a physical difficulty. It lays its hands on the soul. It robs New York children of childhood's natural heritage. Their choice of playground is the street, the backyard, or the fire escape. The street, with its pathetic games inevitably adapted to environment, "area"—hide-and-seek, a *rubber* ball, thrown against the house, street shinny—games constantly shattered by the passing automobile, the surveillant policeman, or the disappearance of the ball through a window, or down the sewer. Or the backyard—four walls inclosing a few feet of caked dirt in which only the smelly ailanthus can live. Or the precarious fire-escape, when there is not even a backyard. Smut, tension, peril, restriction. . . . There are so-called parks—but the city plan made allowance for none, and the spacelets of Washington, Union, and Madison squares, and Bryant Park owe their existence to the accident of having served in the city's earlier history as Potter's fields. (There is a slight debt, it would appear, to the unknown civilian!) So that in the great city—Manhattan below Fifty-ninth Street, virtually all that was New York two generations ago, a city that houses a million and a half human beings, there is neither park nor waterfront. The half-dozen tiny spaces labeled parks in this great district denote merely absence of buildings. The trees, shadowed by great structures, their leaves withered by the noxious exhalations of the city, are dying. From what little patches of grass manage to break through the crusted earth the public is warned away, confined to a few slender circling bands of concrete between the dust-dejected verdure. Neither refuge nor seclusion from the din or dirt of the city is furnished in appreciable degree. And miles of magnificent waterfront which should have been the people's inalienable heritage, as it is in European and South American cities, are, save for the sliver of Battery Park, walled off for the nation's and the world's commercial use.

Above Fifty-ninth Street, where the per capita wealth increases and the congestion is somewhat less, the relief is also greater. Central Park, belatedly purchased at great cost, is in itself a typically New York marvel of compression, and Riverside Drive, despite the intrusion of the railroad tracks, has preserved a rarely beautiful stretch of the Hudson's shore. But even here nature is steadily losing her fight with the creature of the twentieth century Frankenstein. The great elms which adorned the Mall a generation ago are dead. A tree forty feet high in the lower half of Central Park is a rarity. Everywhere the forces of nature are shriveling, perishing before the relentless advance of stone and steel and poison gas. In Park Avenue we see today an amazing admission in the shape of imitation trees—wire frameworks overtrained with ivy! There are other and still beautiful parks—Bronx, Van Cortlandt, Pelham Bay, where nature is not yet stultified, where the illusion of the primitive still persists—but the way to them for the New York that needs them is through miles of subway, crowded, stifling, pungent with the dust of concrete, iron, and sweat.

The frustration and constriction, we have said, grips the human soul. The rush hour when New Yorkers acquiesce in a bodily compression, engage in competitive physical struggle to wedge themselves into subway trains is merely a burlesque epitome of New York life. In the contiguity of the great city, as in the enforced contacts of the subway, there is little room but for repulsions. New York is hard, cynical, ruthless, even beyond other cities. From their early repression its children emerge sophisticated, both stunted and overdeveloped, perverted, premature, forced by the artificiality of their environment. There is exaction too of time. The two eternal verities, time and space, alone are restricted amid the city's abundance. Where leisure has become exotic, the supreme experiences—love, friendship, and human contacts—are harassed and trammeled. Courtship in New York is of necessity hurried, furtive, interrupted, irrationally exposed or confined. The streets, offering at best the

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stoop or a bench, the crowded parlor, the dance, even the taxicab and the roof are substitutes for the free spaces, or the seclusion of a real home. Friendship in New York is hindered by its distances, its haste, its proprieties, its irresistible propulsion. As for casual contacts, the city's philosophy is everyone for himself—and the devil take the hindmost. Where the competitive urge has reached the highest notch, where each man is out to rise upon the bones of his fellows, suspicion and introversion are constant. One speaks of course of generic New York. But however wide the individual variation, however great the individual human impulses, they all are subordinated to the custom of a city in which with more people living closer together than anywhere else on earth, neighborliness is reduced to a minimum. In New York one rarely seeks acquaintance with one's neighbor; it would be unusual, suspect. One never leaves a robe or any other portable object in a parked automobile—even for five minutes; it would be gone on one's return. These may be but trifling incidents, but they are the symptoms of the New York complex. If in New York the milk of human kindness is not wholly dried up or turned to gall at least it is pasteurized. Something remotely analogous to what war does to human beings, some modification of the precept "If you don't know, you get killed," is New York's imprint on its denizens. And, like war, the New York Moloch demands and gets its victims. Countless moths and butterflies are singed at its flame, countless brave swimmers dragged down into its maelstrom, sunk without trace.

Nowhere in the world has the process of subduing nature progressed farther, become more highly developed. The skyscraper, in part a response to the irrefragible horizontal straitjacketing of the city plan, was conceived in constriction, sired by aspiration. Drilled a hundred feet into solid gneiss, built on a base that defies all laws of equilibration, rearing itself on high as a challenge to the stress of wind and gravity, it is essentially a symbol of man's conquest. Tunneled into the earth is a great system of subways, of corridors under river and through bedrock, of conduits, of pipes, of wires, like the alimentary and respiratory tracts, blood vessels and nerves of the human body—linking the vast amorphous structure into one coordinating, functioning whole. Here man has been not merely in conflict with nature. Here nature has been not merely checked, tamed, and converted to his service. Here nature has been fully conquered and is now being destroyed. Here civilization is creating its own code and manners, its language variations, new ways of life, new diseases, a new human species. New forms of beauty, too. These canyons, these pinnacles and spires, these airy wire-hung bridges over which multitudes thunder daily, this skyline—these million lights, blinking massed and scattered through the city's vast night —these achieve a poignant beauty of line and atmosphere which stirs the emotions deeply and has in it something almost spiritual. Will this spiritual quality, now merely subjective, ever become a reality? Will man learn to use his great powers for the good of mankind? Or will he become increasingly the slave of his machine, his own creation? This is the unsolved riddle of civilization. New York, where the integration of man's energies has gone farthest, will first furnish an answer.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of December 13, will be* Iowa: A Mortgaged Eldorado, *by Johan J. Smertenko.*

The Turk Comes Back

By LUDWELL DENNY

Constantinople, October 28

NOW that the Sick Man has sufficiently recovered to kick the Greeks out of Asia Minor, to perform his ablutions again in the waters of the Maritsa and praise Allah for delivering Constantinople from the heathen, one wonders what next? Where will the Turk stop? One hears of a projected holy war of Islam; the Moslem peoples of the Orient will unite under the victorious Turks. The Britisher thinks of his Empire, and shivers. There are tales of the Red menace; Moscow and Angora are in league against Western capitalism. That is not all. This man Franklin-Bouillon is said to have pocketed all the rich concessions of Anatolia for the French; New York, London, and Manchester must look elsewhere for markets. Turkey has become a French colony. Lloyd George shook his Greek dice, and lost British hegemony in the Near East. It is all very complicated. That these Turks are apparently able to run an Islamic and a bolshevik crusade at the same time, and under the lead-strings of Poincaré, makes them more "unspeakable" than ever. . . .

I am still seeking evidence that the Kemalists are Reds. I find it only in the foreign press. No Turk with whom I have talked has had a good word for Moscow. Official representatives of the Nationalist Government express only grudging appreciation of Russia's aid, and do not disguise their hatred for Communists.* The Soviet legation staff at Angora, which is reputed to play such an important and villainous role, really has no place in Nationalist counsels. The Russian Mission in Constantinople, though supposedly in close touch with Hamid Bey and Mustafa Kemal Pasha, gets most of its information from the newspapers. The Turks did not consult their "allies" during the Mudania Conference. Kemal was Russia's friend while he needed her help. Now he is a conqueror. An unnatural alliance, one-sided! It was never more. The defensive treaties between these two governments, so unlike in tradition and aim, grew out of an exceptional situation which has now completely changed. The Turks have received much and given nothing in return. Except as a threat in negotiations with Western Powers, a future Soviet alliance has few advantages and many disadvantages from the Kemalist point of view.

The Allied secret treaties of 1915-1916 had given to Russia Turkey's capital and northeastern provinces. The bolshevist Government renounced Czarist imperialism. Soviet Russia was an outlaw fighting the world; Turkey lay dismembered. Both faced a common enemy. For a moment the interests of socialist Russia and medieval Turkey were the same. They postponed their dispute in the Caucasus, and in March, 1921, signed defensive agreements. Besides canceling Turkey's debt to Russia and accepting in full the claims of the Angora National Pact against Greece and the Western Powers, Lenin gave Kemal material aid; munitions and supplies, including the stores captured from Denikin and Wrangel, and money—12 million gold rubles, probably more. In return Kemal recognized the Soviet Government —the Angora Government itself was without recognition.

* This statement is confirmed by a dispatch from Moscow stating that the Soviet Government has lost confidence in the Kemalists, owing to the imprisonment by the Angora Government of 200 Turkish Communists.

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Kemal gave only promises. He promised to negotiate with the Entente Powers only with the participation of Russia. He promised to submit the question of "international regulations governing the Black Sea and the Straits to a special conference of the adjacent states." Nevertheless, he negotiated separately with France. Now, in the Mudania conversations and the pre-conference notes, Angora has forgotten that not the Powers but the adjacent states were to settle the Straits issue. Only after a sharp reminder from his "ally" did Kemal affirm that his Moscow agreements were binding; which, he did not say. Though he then tardily "proposed" Russian participation at the Peace Conference, he did not make this a condition of the conference as the Powers had done in stating that Jugoslavia and Japan would be represented. If Soviet delegates participate, it will be due chiefly to Britain's desire for that degree of permanence for her Straits' settlement which only Russia's signature can give.

If the past alliance between Angora and Moscow has been one-sided, if the present alliance is illusory, a bugaboo used by Turkey in bargaining with the Powers, there is even less reason to expect a future alliance. For if Turkey accepts a settlement which leaves the British navy master of the Straits—as now seems inevitable—she will destroy the basis of Russo-Turk concord. What will then prevent a renewal of their conflict in the Caucasus? The Turk conquerors think they can regain the Russian territory given to them at Brest-Litovsk, and wrested from them by the Red Army. They talk of the Slav menace. Similarly, the Moscow Government distrusts Turkey. It is precisely the large Mohammedan populations in South Russia and the associated Caucasian republics that are giving the Soviets most trouble. Georgia is not only a determining factor in Allied-Russian relations, it is the key to Russo-Turk peace. However much Russia may have retreated from communism, she is and is apt to remain for some time a socialist state, the seat of the Communist International. And even though Western states, under pressure of economic expediency and the influence of their large proletarian populations, come to "accept" Soviet Russia, it is highly improbable that Moslem, feudal Turkey will long associate herself with such a dangerous neighbor.

The Kemalist leaders are not political radicals. Neither are they religious fanatics. They are super-nationalists, militarists, pan-Turks. They are members of a possessing, governing caste; and as such are not essentially different from the puppet Constantinople Government, which now has neither the power nor purpose to oppose them. They are the direct descendants or former associates of Enver and Talaat and the Party of Union and Progress which made of the promising Young Turk movement such a sinister thing. Of course the Kemalists are hardly such barbarians as certain premiers and parsons would have us believe —indeed they are personally quite charming. But they do not merit the present exaggerated confidence of Western liberals, even though they have led a wronged people in a war of liberation against Greek and Entente imperialism.

These militarists, bureaucrats, and proprietors are Turkey. The people are not yet politically or economically conscious; not even racially or sect-conscious in an aggressive sense, except when stirred by their demagogues. There is practically no industrial proletariat, and hence no socialist movement (of the few thousand transportation and tobacco workers in Constantinople there are perhaps five hundred syndicalists—who happen to be Greeks). The Caucasian propagandists have established a puny Communist Party in the northeastern vilayets, which is not indigenous. Until a month before the Angora-Moscow agreement the Kemalists were sentencing such social heretics to death. There is also in the National Assembly an agrarian party, or rather mood, for under the necessity of united front against the Greeks and Kemal's absolute military dictatorship no separate parties were allowed. Thus one cannot estimate exactly the strength of this party. But it is young and weak. It is not "agrarian-communist," as sometimes named, but similar to the anti-social peasant movements of Eastern Europe—without their power. The Angora National Assembly is dominated by the pasha class.

Their program is safe and sane. "We have no use for Western democracy and political institutions which have failed; but we do want your science, your technology, your business efficiency. We intend to straighten out our finances, and unify our dual educational and judicial systems." This raises the question of church and state. One group expects to "adjust," the other to eliminate the political power of the Caliphate (which shows how far is their plan from an Islamic league). But basic reform in Turkey means breaking the economic dominance of the church, which owns at least 65 per cent of the land; means transferring political power from the pashas to the people (direct representation to begin with). These reforms are not a part of the Kemalist program.

Turkey for the Turks. The capitulations and foreign control are to be eliminated. They hope to drive out the Greek and Armenian merchants, who constitute almost the whole of Turkey's commercial class, and grow Turk business men instead. But they are anxious to industrialize their country, and develop its agricultural and mineral resources. Therefore they seek foreign capital. Foreign concessions—foreign alliances! The French are not very popular here, despite their support against the Greeks. The French, as the British, helped to write and impose the Sèvres treaty. They fought against the Nationalist army in Cilicia not long ago. Though the French conversion was quicker than the British, it also was forced by a bayonet—and a bribe. Consequently the Turks do not feel bound by the letter or implication of the published and secret Franklin-Bouillon agreements if they can drive better bargains elsewhere. And England and the United States insist on no economic discrimination in favor of the French. American capital (the Ottoman-American Development Company—President, George W. Goethals) has an option on the pick of Anatolia's railway and mining concessions, the former "Chester Project." But, as one of our trade commissioners explained to me, "church opinion in the States is against Turkey, and will prevent American capital from coming over and making a killing. Other than the Ottoman-American no new capital is in the field, only old companies—American Tobacco, Standard Oil, and Foulkes (licorice root)." France's interest hitherto has been predominantly financial (70 per cent of the Ottoman debt) rather than commercial. Great Britain is the largest Turkish trader, both as buyer and seller. Agents of the British Government here are better informed and agents of British capital more aggressive than those of any other country. Then there is Mosul. The possessions of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are not safe until the Kemalist Government renounces that territory; the British Government is the prin-

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cipal shareholder in Anglo-Persian Oil. These are some of the economic factors in the situation.

Political factors also suggest the possibility of a Turco-British alliance. Given a change in England's policy, memory of "Lloyd George's War" will not stand in the way. I was surprised to find here so little popular anti-British feeling. Certain Kemalist leaders are courting British friendship. And with good reason. Whether nominal guardianship of the Straits is intrusted to the League or an international commission, in war time control will rest with the British navy. Turkey though now strong on land, will be at the mercy of that navy, which can take Constantinople, isolate Thrace, and blockade Anatolia; and, without the Dardanelles fortifications, no Russian, Islamic, or French alliance can protect her. This thought is ever present in the Turkish mind. But if England can be secured as an ally? A Tory government would no doubt revive Disraeli's policy; the Liberals, though suspicious, are influenced by Manchester's Smyrna trade; the Labor Party thus far has been pro-Turk. The Turk sees possibilities in the English situation.

There remains the obstacle of Britain's Moslem Empire—if this is an obstacle and not an incentive to such an alliance. Because "heathen" sovereignty over Mohammedans is prohibited by Islamic law, and because the military victory of their co-religionists has stimulated revolt among Britain's Moslem subjects, Europeans have jumped to the conclusion that the Kemalists plan to lead the East against the West. The significance of this Nationalist movement is that it is not pan-Moslem, but pan-Turk. Though the distinction between the two is not absolute, any Arab or Egyptian can tell you the difference. Mohammedan unity does not exist; like Christian unity, it cannot materialize because of the disruptive forces of nationalism. The non-Turkish Mohammedan nationalities hate the French and British, but they also revolted against their Turkish rulers. They are fond of the Turk as a neighbor, not as a master. The Turks likewise know the Ottoman Empire cannot be reestablished. But, remembering the past, they fear a strong and independent—Egypt, let us say. That the British should have the expense and trouble of "protecting" the other Moslems is therefore not disagreeable to the Turks, if it is a Britain friendly to Turkey. Similarly, the Mosul controversy may be adjusted provided Downing Street again forgets its Armenian pledge, or blesses a future Turkish conquest of the bolshevik Caucasus.

So Angora is looking toward Britain rather than France. France, busy with Germany, is not unwilling to trade her Turkish advantage. Britain is the great Near East Power; as in the past, she will play the decisive role. Something more than Tory "imperial destiny" determines this. So long as she has an empire beyond Gibraltar, political and economic forces will set even a Labor government to watching the Suez and the Straits; history shows that neutrality is impossible for such an empire. She will be in alliance with Turkey or against Turkey.

I have tried to indicate tendencies, not finalities. A true picture of the Turkish situation must show it in flux. The Kemalist leaders are nationalist opportunists, in a new position, feeling their way. One can affirm only that they are hostile to bolshevism, and, as better Turks than Mohammedans, prefer to work with the British Empire. These are the straws! There are winds in other directions; there may come a sudden tornado of war; but it looks now like a Turco-British alliance ahead. Meanwhile at the Peace Conference they will maneuver from opposite sides.

Bartering for the Presidency

By ARTHUR WARNER

A. MITCHELL PALMER, whose regime as Attorney General is an unfragrant memory, has bobbed into the news again through revelations showing how support for his Presidential aspirations in 1920 was paid for in the New England States (although for reasons best known to the canny inhabitants there was some failure to make delivery). With a thrift worthy of the best traditions of the region concerned, the cost came not out of Mr. Palmer's pocket but from the Treasury of the United States. The disclosures in regard to Mr. Palmer were a by-product of the effort in Connecticut to defeat the candidacy of Thomas J. Spellacy for United States Senator, and apparently served that purpose well; for, although a Democrat, Mr. Spellacy was found among the dead and wounded after the holocaust of November 7.

Letters and memoranda whose authenticity is not disputed show that while at the head of the United States Department of Justice Mr. Palmer used a large part of the time of Mr. Spellacy, then Assistant Attorney General, in an effort to obtain the indorsement of the New England States at the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco. Mr. Spellacy not only used his time—for which he was receiving a salary from the public—in traveling about promoting the ambitions of his chief, but he distributed jobs at the disposal of the Department of Justice in return for promised or expected support. According to the Republican State Central Committee of Connecticut, Mr. Spellacy even charged his traveling expenses—not forgetting tips to Pullman porters—to the Government. Mr. Spellacy has declared in reply that his trips to New England were on "government business," but he has not given details to support the claim nor has he denied the more serious revelations in regard to his activities.

Mr. Spellacy entered the Department of Justice late in 1919, and early in 1920 began to devote himself assiduously to lining up the New England States in support for the Presidential ambitions of his chief. Naturally Mr. Spellacy looked carefully after the fences in his native State. "Connecticut," he wrote in advance of the choosing of the delegation, "has fourteen delegates, at least eight of which will be my close political and personal associates. The State may be safely counted for Mr. Palmer under any and every circumstance." The reason for Mr. Spellacy's assurance on this point was that he proposed to have the unit rule enforced upon the delegation, which would put it at the mercy of him and his friends. Discovering, however, that Homer S. Cummings wanted a complimentary vote from the State at the national convention, Mr. Spellacy counseled that "it would be inadvisable to oppose his wishes, especially as he is chairman of the National Committee and naturally would exert considerable influence beyond the confines of Connecticut." In fact Mr. Spellacy was Johnny-on-the-spot and

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himself introduced the resolution whereby the Democratic State Central Committee instructed the delegates to the convention to support Mr. Cummings, intending to swing them for Mr. Palmer at the strategic moment. Mr. Spellacy overestimated his powers; he failed to fasten the unit rule upon the State delegation and the highest vote he mustered for the Attorney General was ten of the fourteen. In fact two of the delegates held out for Mr. Cummings to the end, believing that he had a chance in the deadlocked convention which finally chose James M. Cox. Mr. Cummings himself was apparently of the same conviction, for after what he evidently regarded as a betrayal of his interests he shook off the dust of the State from his feet and has taken no part in politics there since.

In Rhode Island Mr. Spellacy saw a chance to capitalize "bright college days," writing to Mr. Palmer that two of the most prominent Democrats had formerly been fellow-students with him and announcing his intention of visiting the State "next week." It was in New Hampshire and Massachusetts that the Assistant Attorney General played his trump cards, however. After a trip to New Hampshire, where he visted R. C. Murchie, Democratic national committeeman, Mr. Spellacy wrote the following memorandum for the enlightenment of Attorney General Palmer:

> R. C. Murchie is very much interested in Fred H. Brown, who is at present the United States Attorney in New Hampshire. [He was elected Governor on November 7 last.] Brown is the mayor of Somersworth, in addition to being United States Attorney, and seems to me to be a "live-wire" Democrat. His salary as United States Attorney is $2,000. He has turned his town and his environments from a strong Republican bedlam to an equally as strong Democratic town. Everybody I spoke to in New Hampshire appreciated the methods pursued by Brown, his work for the party, and his ability. It would be a good thing to appoint him special assistant to the Attorney General and to assign him to some work in New Hampshire. This would leave a vacancy for Mr. Murchie to recommend a successor to Mr. Brown, in addition to the two places he would have in the Bureau of Investigation. This plan seemed to flatter him very much and there is no question in my mind but what, if carried out, six of the New Hampshire delegates will be for Palmer.

Then there was the Massachusetts situation. There Mr. Spellacy chummed with the Pelletier-Coakley twins, the first one of whom was last winter removed as District Attorney of Suffolk County by the Massachusetts Supreme Court because of malfeasance, misfeasance, and nonfeasance in office; in the recent election he ran again for the place, but—despite the Democratic landslide—the voters of Boston declined to return him. Of the other twin Mr. Spellacy wrote to Mr. Palmer that "it is commonly reported in Massachusetts that Mr. Coakley has received tremendous fees for having cases dropped by Mr. Pelletier." As a sop to this precious pair Mr. Spellacy recommended the appointment as United States Attorney for Massachusetts of Daniel J. Gallagher, who had been associated with Mr. Pelletier in his law office. Mr. Spellacy advised Mr. Palmer that Mr. Gallagher "bears a most excellent reputation as a lawyer . . . and has a very excellent standing at the bar." Actually the Bar Association of Boston had asked for the disbarment of Mr. Gallagher a number of years before because of charges by clients of misappropriation of funds, and the Superior Court, having found him guilty, had suspended him from practice for a period of from three to five years. What happened next, as the Hartford *Courant* tells the story, was this:

> When it became known in Massachusetts that Gallagher was being considered for appointment to the office of United States Attorney, a committee representing the Bar Association of Boston, composed of Michael J. Shugrue and John Lowell, went to Washington to protest. Calling at the White House to see President Wilson, they were met by Secretary Tumulty, who told them that they could have a hearing with the President on the following Tuesday at 10 a. m. As hard as they tried, they could not obtain an appointment immediately. When they called for their appointment on Tuesday, they were told by Secretary Tumulty that the President regretted that he could do nothing toward stopping the appointment of Gallagher as United States Attorney, as he had been appointed and confirmed the previous day, Monday. No amount of arguing could get a personal interview with the President for them.

In order to appoint Mr. Gallagher as United States Attorney for Massachusetts it was necessary for Thomas J. Boynton to step out of that office. As he was a friend of Mr. Spellacy this was easily accomplished, Mr. Boynton being rewarded with a job as special assistant to the Attorney General at $1,000 a month. Mr. Boynton had formerly been chairman of the Democratic State Committee in Vermont and had many acquaintances in Maine. He accompanied Mr. Spellacy in his forays after delegates into those States, but apparently he did not understand that this was all the public service a special assistant to the Attorney General at $1,000 a month was expected to render, for a month after his appointment he wrote to Mr. Spellacy: "As I have not received any instructions as to my duties as special assistant I am writing you to ask if this is due to some oversight that should be corrected."

The Pelletier-Coakley twins made good. Both were in the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic National Convention and voted for Mr. Palmer until his name was withdrawn. They did more. At least, according to the Boston *Post*, a Democratic newspaper, the Massachusetts delegates who supported Mr. Palmer "were delivered by Daniel H. Coakley to the Attorney General in return for the appointment of Daniel J. Gallagher as United States Attorney of Boston."

Mr. Spellacy plowed the soil of New England well—at the public's expense—and apparently looked forward to a perfect harvest. So well satisfied was he, indeed, that he recommended similar cultivation of the whole United States. "If possible I believe that every State in the country should be visited by somebody, preferably somebody in Washington," he wrote for the enlightenment of Mr. Palmer. "It has been my experience that every man I have called upon was flattered." But the soil of New England proved rockier and more stubborn than the Assistant Attorney General had imagined and, as previously intimated, hardly justified the outlay upon it—although neither Mr. Spellacy nor Mr. Palmer footed the bills. The New England States had eighty-eight votes at San Francisco, and the maximum strength they developed for the Attorney General was forty-one—on the thirteenth ballot. For Mr. Palmer it was hardly a lucky ballot, but it was the luckiest that came his way.

How did the facts about the Palmer-Spellacy vote-getting round-up finally leak out? Well, when Mr. Spellacy became Assistant Attorney General he retained in his service a young woman who had previously been private secretary to A. Bruce Bielaski, head of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice during the war. She turned over various letters and memoranda that had passed through her hands to Mr. Bielaski, who had resigned after the armis-

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tice to go into the oil business and has been described by Mr. Spellacy as "the man who went down into Mexico a couple of months ago and got himself kidnapped." From Mr. Bielaski the material found its way in the recent campaign to George P. McLean, who was Mr. Spellacy's Republican—and victorious—opponent in the race for United States Senator in Connecticut.

Mr. Spellacy says that the material used against him during the campaign was stolen and known to have been stolen by the persons who used it. Mr. Bielaski has replied that the documents showed illegal activities on the part of Mr. Spellacy and that it was the duty of all good citizens knowing about them to make the facts public. The ethics of the question need not be discussed here; the significant point is that the genuineness of the documents is not disputed nor has any palliative explanation of the facts which they reveal been attempted either by Mr. Spellacy or Mr. Palmer. It may be said also in behalf of Mr. Bielaski that he asserts that he had made an attempt to place the evidence before the proper government officers before he finally turned over the material for partisan political use against Mr. Spellacy. Mr. Bielaski's account of this attempt brings Joseph P. Tumulty, private secretary to President Wilson, into the story again and throws further light on where power lay and how official business was managed during the President's sickness in the concluding months of the Wilson Administration. Mr. Bielaski says:

> I considered that Spellacy was using his government position and the government payroll to further his political campaign and I took the papers to Judge Knox. It would have been futile to take them to the Department of Justice. As well give them to Spellacy himself.

Judge Knox sent the documents to President Wilson in December of 1920, as Mr. Bielaski tells it, but they were intercepted by Mr. Tumulty. The latter did not let President Wilson into the secret but he did "tip off" Mr. Palmer in regard to the papers. Just before the Wilson Administration went out of office he asked the White House to send him the material. Shortly after March 4, Mr. Bielaski says that the following note was sent to Mr. Palmer by John Randolph Bolling, brother-in-law of Mr. Wilson:

> DEAR MR. PALMER:
>
> The papers for which you ask in your letter of March 2nd were found by Mr. Wilson only today, and at his request I inclose them herewith. Yours very cordially,
>
> JOHN RANDOLPH BOLLING.

Mr. Spellacy said in the course of his campaign that his letters and memoranda had been given by Mr. Bielaski to Will H. Hays, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, and that Mr. Hays had put the material at the disposal of the Republican Party in Connecticut. Mr. Bielaski admits giving the documents to Mr. Hays but says that the latter did not pass them on. When in 1920 it appeared possible that Mr. Palmer might be chosen as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency Mr. Hays came to Mr. Bielaski, according to the latter's story, and asked if he had any definite information about Mr. Palmer's use of his government office to advance his candidacy. In response Mr. Bielaski gave Mr. Hays copies of the papers in his possession on condition that no use be made of them unless Mr. Palmer should be nominated. Mr. Hays observed the terms of the understanding; it was Mr. Bielaski himself, according to his own statement, that put the material in the hands of the Republican Party in Connecticut.

It only remains to add that the interesting bit of jobbery here chronicled took place during a period which coincides nicely with the months when Mr. Palmer, as the apostle of untainted Americanism, was doing his utmost to jail or deport communists and all others who dared to assert that the government of the United States, as developed by the two old political parties, was not all that it should be.

Workers' Education: An International Movement

By FANNIA M. COHN

IN the old Chaussée de Waterloo in Uccle, a suburb of Brussels, Belgium, stands the three-story home of the Belgian Labor College. There the First International Conference on Workers' Education was held on August 16 and 17. Floating over the entrance was the red flag of socialism, a symbol to the delegates of the spirit of human brotherhood earnestly striving to make the enlightened workers of Europe forgive and forget the tragedy of 1914-1918.

By the wording of the call sent out by the Belgian Central Educational Committee, the conference was limited to those organizations which were controlled by working-class bodies. While in most of the European countries there exists a joint educational committee of trade union, Socialist, and cooperative groups, the trade-union organizations felt it imperative to send representatives. The British Trade Union Congress, the German Trade Union Federation, and the Amsterdam Trade Union International all sent delegates, and Samuel Gompers wrote a letter. Most of the thirty-six delegates, who came from eleven countries and represented twenty-three educational enterprises under working-class control, had spent four years in the trenches fighting each other. But here they assembled with a passionate desire to forget those terrible years. Great interest was shown in the decision that labor colleges in different countries should exchange students and teachers, and that workers should be encouraged to visit neighboring countries and workers' schools. Mr. Muste promised that Brookwood College would participate for the United States.

From the discussion at the conference it was evident that the management of the workers' schools differs in the various countries. In seven countries educational activities are carried on by a joint committee of trade unionists, Socialists, and cooperatives. In Australia and the United States only do the trade unions alone control. In Germany and Switzerland both the trade-union and socialist groups are active, although they work separately. In Great Britain there exists a cooperative joint committee with advisory capacity, but it does not control the activities of the constituent groups.

Henry de Man reported for Belgium. Last fall the Belgian Labor College opened at Uccle. It is a resident college accommodating fifty to sixty students. There is in addition an extensive lecture system which serves districts where there are no organized classes. Some two hundred libraries have been established by the Central Bureau. The latest experiment has been the establishment of schools for shop chairmen. Such schools, with a total of twenty-two classes, have been established for the miners and machinists. These schools are under the joint control of the Central Education Committee and the industry concerned.

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The systematic program of workers' education in Germany dates back to the Congress of the Social Democratic Party in 1906. Even before the war there was a central college at Berlin. There is a resident labor college at Tinz under the joint auspices of the Independent Socialist Party and the trade unions. Other resident labor colleges are at Frankfort and at Düsseldorf. With the establishment of works councils, the preparation of workers for participation in the management of industry has become one of the important objects of the labor colleges. Courses have been developed for the training of works councilors in 159 towns. In Berlin 1,936 works councilors were trained in 1921. The state and the unions join in financing the schools.

The reports of the British delegates indicated marked differences as to the nature and content of workers' education. The first organized efforts in the field were made by the cooperatives. The educational department of the cooperative movement reaches a total of 30,000 children and adults in its various classes. But the modern labor education movement in England may be said to date from the foundation of Ruskin College, control of which is vested in the Trade Union Congress, the Cooperative Union, the Workingmen's Institute Union, the Central Federation of Trade Unions, and those local unions that send students to the college on scholarships. Ruskin has about fifty resident students, and also conducts correspondence courses. The Workers' Educational Association reaches the largest number of adult workers. Through its fifteen main districts and 2,600 branches it reaches a membership of 25,700. Schools for teachers have been established and to these are sent the most promising young men and women in the trade unions. It accepts grants from the board of education. The Central Labor College was founded, as a result of the strike in 1909, by a group of Ruskin students in opposition to the upper-class academic influence of Oxford. After a hard struggle for existence, the South Wales miners and the National Union of Railwaymen became responsible for its support and joined in its control. It accepts no public grants and its instruction is strictly Marxian. It aims to undermine the influence of the older workers' educational organizations, so that the control of workers' education may eventually rest entirely with the trade unions.

France offers a striking contrast to the activity of the English and German workers. Although some efforts were made over twenty years ago to inaugurate an educational program it has not been able to make much headway. Czecho-Slovakia, Holland, and Switzerland reported progress. Austria, which has the oldest workers' educational institution, was too poor to finance a delegate. The Swiss delegate, reporting for Austria, stated that day and night schools for shop stewards have been developed and that a women's college has been established in the castle of Scharenberg, where socialist and general instruction is given.

With few exceptions workers' education committees in the European countries accept grants from the governments. It is considered a signal victory for labor when their representatives in parliament succeed in securing subsidies for workers' schools controlled by workers. However, the delegates made it clear that they opposed such grants unless the workers are strongly enough represented in parliament to prevent governmental interference.

The American delegates were Spencer Miller, Jr., and Fannia M. Cohn, secretary and vice-president, respectively, of the Workers' Education Bureau, established two years ago. Only institutions which are controlled by workers are eligible to membership in this bureau. Its program has been indorsed by many of the international labor bodies and by the American Federation of Labor. The rapid growth of workers' education in the United States is significant in view of the tremendous struggle for existence which of late the American labor movement has been forced to wage.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has found that sometimes the most infallible of editors of the most reliable of journals let slip articles and reviews of profound importance. Doubtless they do their best, but the task of editing copy and reading their own contributions in current issues and pondering over the election returns—activities which the Drifter instinctively avoids—gradually ruins their journalistic sense of proportion. Would the following excellent review, for example, ever have seen the light if Mr. Clement Wood had not chanced to drop it on the peaceful, hospitable desk of the Drifter?

The Tune of the Infinite*

Ten Commandments. By Jehovah. With Introduction and Notes by the Translator, Moses Amramson. Sinai: The Jethro Press. 1329 B.C. One shekel.

THIS slender volume, by the gifted author of "A Baedeker from Egypt," is one of the most effective of the season's offerings in verse. There is a conciseness, a comprehensive and yet astringent beauty about the stanzas that mark a distinct growth of power in the author's handling of the conventional Hebrew rhythms. Certain individual lines possess a lyric fragility, an intransigent magic that lifts them above most contemporary verse. For instance, the passages—

> "Any likeness of anything that is in the heavens above,
> Or in the earth beneath,
> Or in the waters under the earth . . .
> Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work . . ."

entitle the poem in which they appear to inclusion in the yearly anthologies. The opening strophes unite imagistic austerity with the frigid abandon of the neo-Celtic lyricists. At the same time it must be admitted that some of the polyphonic effects are reminiscent of the prosy cataloguing of Waltoboam Whitmanilech; and the poet has not been entirely successful in steering clear of the hackneyed clichés that mar the work of other lyrico-legislators, such as Mr. Hammurabi among the Mesopotamians, or his Egyptian prototype, Professor Menes of Memphis. The attitude, too, is ultra-dogmatic, and at times realistic almost to the point of sordidness. Surely human nature is not so culpable as this poet assumes! And yet the artistry usually outweighs the evidence of artisanship, and the lines are fresh, autochthonous, and arresting. The volume is a charming fulfilment and an interesting promise of what this writer may yet achieve.

* * * * *

The Drifter is impressed by this review. Autochthonousness is one of the qualities he most admires in a book of verse. Almost he is persuaded to buy and read Mr. Amramson's volume, and he feels that he has done some slight service in helping to introduce it to the American public.

THE DRIFTER

* This is a literal translation from the Jebusite Monolith, unearthed under a hillock three meters southwest of Jerusalem, which was originally a Jebusite stronghold. The fragment is a current comment from the *Jerusalem Journal of Arts and Letters;* it bears upon a book which has since become accessible to our readers in translation.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

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Correspondence

From Another "Unknown Friend"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In 1917 I, like a great many Americans, believed that we were about to wage a war "to make the world safe for democracy." Accordingly I signed up and went over. I "got it" while in the Argonne. Those of the lawmaking body who did not forget have given me and thousands of other disabled veterans the opportunity we longed for—an opportunity to develop mentally. At present I am a Federal Board trainee at the law school of the University of Chicago. I have come to believe that the World War was anything but necessary. *The Nation* has helped to shape that belief. At the time of our entry, "we" —now the veterans—believed in the justice of our cause and contributed accordingly. The training we now receive plus a liberal living allowance, $130 per month, we regard in the light of payment for services rendered. Following the same line of reasoning I believe that a bonus for those who were more agile in dodging shells is justifiable. It is only simple justice. I will cheerfully, if asked, refund any bonus given me.

The reason for this detailed bit of information is to let you know that it is the only question on which I disagree with *The Nation*. In every other respect I think that it is preeminently progressive, liberal, and consistent, and I read its columns religiously. I purchase it weekly but beginning with the first of the year I intend to become a regular subscriber. In the meantime I gladly inclose a list of the names of five friends as prospective subscribers.

I hope that *The Nation* never becomes infected by the "virus of commercialism," and about the finest tribute that I can pay to *The Nation* is that I know it never will.

Chicago, November 7 WILLIAM M. GARVEY

The Ku Klux Klan and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In answer to your editorial comment on the Ku Klux Klan in your issue of November 8, I wish to submit the following considerations:

Put William Lloyd Garrison, birth control, toleration of foreigners, disbelief in the Republican and Democratic parties on one ticket; and on the other, foreigner-hating, Puritanism, and prohibition—in other words, range *The Nation* against the Ku Klux Klan—and let the American people make their choice. I'll bet even money that the Ku Klux Klan wins ten to one. The Klan is powerful because it stands for dominant, progressive Americanism, not conservatism or reaction. It does not exist in the Old South where the Negroes are docile and the foreigners almost unknown, but has sprung up in communities of industrial progress and business activity—such as Atlanta, Texas, and "bleeding" Kansas. It is not an organization of blood, but of Protestant Puritanism and charity and cultural conformity. To achieve these ideals tar and feathers may be used.

If you and your liberal associates would stop frightening average Americans with bugaboos concerning this organization, they would all join, and there would be a rest from your agitation.

Edgefield, S. C., November 16 FRANCIS BUTLER SIMKINS

For Those Outside of Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, as a political prisoner who served a five-year sentence in Leavenworth, make an appeal to your readers in behalf of the men I left behind the bars? The weeks and months drag past slowly for those men confined in the deadly monotony of prison life. Tobacco, newspapers, books, and games are welcome for solace and pastime. Prison fare is, if possible, even more monotonous than prison life, and, what is more serious, lacking in elements necessary to the maintenance of health. By purchasing fruit, sugar, nuts, etc., the men are able to some extent to lessen the deleterious effects of prison diet over long years.

But all this costs money and prison prices are exorbitant, while packages from the outside are generally prohibited. The Workers' Prison Relief Committee, which has been doing as fine work for the political prisoners as any group in the country, has been delegated by the General Defense Committee of Chicago to act as a central clearing house for the distribution of relief to the political prisoners. Through its efforts a regular uniform monthly allowance is sent to each man, with extra allowances in special cases, such as illness.

It is hoped to raise this allowance to $5 a month—surely not an unreasonable sum for men serving ten and twenty years. Any of your readers who feel impelled to help may send their subscriptions or gifts to the Workers' Prison Relief Committee, Frederick A. Blossom, secretary, 364 Haledon Avenue, Paterson, N. J.

New York, November 12 TED FRASER

Killing a Civilization

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When legislation affecting the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico has been introduced in Congress by a Senator from that State with the alleged support of the Indians themselves and apparent approval of the Indian Bureau, when it has been briefly questioned by Senator Borah and then accepted by the Senate unanimously, the American public would naturally suppose the legislation known as the Bursum Indian Bill to be an act dealing justly with the Indians and bringing credit to the State and the nation responsibly concerned.

As it happens, the American public would be deceived. The bill, which has passed a misinformed Senate and is before the House, is grossly unjust to the Indians, violates every official protestation that the government is their protector, and is in such imminence of becoming a law that only that vaguely accessible power, the public, can prevent a great wrong. The Indians, who are quite helpless politically, have issued with one voice from all the pueblos a dignified but pitiful manifesto asking fair play.

We, the undersigned, who have had an opportunity to study conditions among the villages and to understand the faithless provisions of the projected law, and who intend to do our best to expose the facts, call upon the American people everywhere in this emergency to make their protest immediately felt against the Bursum Indian Bill whether in its present form or with disingenuous amendments. We ask this for the sake of the Pueblo Indians who, though probably the most industrious of all our wards, are threatened with the loss of their lands and even of their community existence. We ask it even more for the sake of Americans themselves, as a test of national honor.

F. G. APPLEGATE, MARY AUSTIN, JOZEF J. BAKOS, GUSTAV BAUMANN, E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN, WITTER BYNNER, GERALD CASSIDY, INA SIZER CASSIDY, JOHN COLLIER, ALICE CORBIN, RANDALL DAVEY, FREMONT ELLIS, LEON GASPARD, STEPHEN GRAHAM, WM. PENHALLOW HENDERSON, ROBERT HENRI, VICTOR HIGGINS, DANA JOHNSON, D. H. LAWRENCE, RALPH MYERS, HARRIET MONROE, WILLARD NASH, B. J. O. NORDFELDT, B. J. PHILLIPS, OLIVE RUSH, LOUIS SARET, ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, J. H. SHARP, WILL SHUSTER, JOHN SLOAN, MABEL STERNE, WALTER UFER, HARRIET WELLES, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Santa Fé, N. M., November 10

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Books

Huneker the Versatile

Letters of James Gibbons Huneker. Collected and edited by Josephine Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THE psychical root of James Huneker was ecstasy. His life was a furore. The Witch of Atlas presided at his birth. In her satanic prankishness she gave him many roles. She touched him with the divine madness of Blake, the obscene frivolities of Rabelais, the dark vision of Hamlet, the red madness of Bellona, the whimsies of Puck, and the poisoned poignard of Swift. Just touched him—for the wise Witch was careful to give him a guide, a Sancho Panza. This Sancho Panza was James Huneker the one-hundred-per-cent safe and sane Yankee.

Huneker's ecstasy of style is exotic in America. He was as extraordinary an apparition as Poe, Saltus, Bierce, and Cabell. In the worst of all possible democracies he was an aristocrat. In a country where collective stupidity is the national genius, Huneker was an extreme individualist. Among a people where artists are ranked with Sodomic idiots, he was the keeper of the Grail, of which we younger tribe were merely the Sir Galahads. And, paradox of paradoxes, he got a hearing from the very first in his native land! He was the luckiest man ever born under the flag with the forty-eight eclipses.

To the thousands who have read his books and who will read these letters the personality of Huneker must, I imagine, be a constant source of tantalizing curiosity. Before I met him (about 1910) I had corresponded with him off and on for about ten years. When I met him (one Sunday morning in "Jack's," when beer flowed like humbug from the mouth of Bryan) the first words he thundered at me were, "Well, Nietzsche or Schopenhauer?" I beheld a radiant personality, with a tie as red as the soul of Louise Michel, dressed in a tailor-made suit—the face of a satyr who had lived all his life with the angel Israfel and Aristophanes.

I met him many times after that. He poured vitality. His speech was iridescent. He was the Will-to-Live incarnate. He always inspired me with the wish to rush away and put down tremendous things on paper. He never talked like a book. He was all things to all men. He was a cataract. He was ready for any sort of prank or adventure at the drop of the hat. And the hat dropped often.

Where did this man get the time to absorb all that was in that skull? He carried within him the culture, ideals, politics, and religions of the whole human race up to date. He must have been given the use of those miraculous intercalated days of which Emerson somewhere speaks. In that wonderful book of Rabelais there is one Gargantua who ate and drank like a munitions manufacturer in a neutral country. The world worked for Huneker—as it did for Gargantua. For him it sweated its arts, sciences, and religions. His soul was a maw. His brain was a mart, a bazaar, a Versailles where the Nine Muses came to carouse.

These letters are of no interest to any one who does not like the work of Huneker. To those who loved his work and his personality they are precious. They are veritably sweat and sap and spit of the man. I can hear his voice in these pages. They begin in 1886—a letter to Alfred Barili, wherein he confesses he is "Wagner mad"—and end in 1921—a letter to Jules Bois, the last words of which are . . . "horrible Travail that kills the sacred instinct in us, this abominable land of the free!"

One gets from the letters the picture of a man who was a day laborer. There was a *Must* slug at the top of every page he wrote—written by the great god Necessity. He wrote to live. Between times there were always his beloved Chopin and Bach. (I was at his "Dream-Barn" one whole night when he played Chopin for me in his pajamas with a case of Pilsner and a case of Chianti under the piano.)

There is an endless flood of humor, and even auto-irony, in these letters. Humor—the unarithmetical grin—was the antitoxin that saved Huneker's brain and nerves—humor and Pilsner (one Easter morning I tried to out-seidel him, but I had to cry quits at 10 a. m., when this Nordic drinker was still at it).

These are the most fascinating letters, to me, in existence. What a mixture of the grotesque, the coldly critical, the dithyrambic, the colloquial, the commercial, the artistic, the human, the cosmic, the reminiscent! They sing and soar and weep.

They are the daily telegrams to the world of the rarest thing in America—an Individual. BENJAMIN DECASSERES

Franklin Lane

The Letters of Franklin K. Lane. Personal and Political. Edited by Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Herrick Wall. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THERE are no "startling revelations" in this book, and such "inside history" of the war administration as it contains serves merely to add further confirmation to what is already a matter of expert knowledge. But Mr. Lane's Letters confirm also the opinion generally held during the two Wilson administrations, that he was on the whole the best-balanced, most reliable, and strongest man in the Cabinet. He was forceful, fair-minded, constructive; an able lawyer without legal narrow-mindedness; a good organizer and administrator; bound, though a Democrat, but loosely by party ties and conscious of the need for new alignments in politics; guided by policy rather than by personal considerations. Moreover, these Letters reveal a side of Lane's nature that was never matter for rumor or gossip; a mind inquiring after spiritual light and singularly firm in the presence of great physical suffering and in the face of death.

His early training, that of a newspaper man, was in the nature of a false start, and it left little trace upon his subsequent career except an ability to use straightforward English. It ended in financial failure that was, however, incurred in the defense of his printers against the efforts of a rival Tacoma paper to beat down the rate of wages. He then began the practice of law in San Francisco, where as a mere boy he had made something of a reputation in a Reform League (of which, it is curious to note, the afterwards notorious Abe Ruef was also a member) which honorably though unsuccessfully fought the corrupt city machine. Three tenures of office as city and county attorney, together with his interest in the conservation and development of natural resources, had brought him into such prominence that he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1902. Though California was "naturally" a Republican State conditions then made a Democratic success possible; but the influence of Hearst's paper, the *Examiner*, was against him, and he was defeated. Two years later Hearst, aspiring to the nomination for President, tried to make amends, seeking an interview with Lane and telling him that a telegram to him would put him at Lane's service. To this Lane responded: "If ever you get a telegram from me asking you to do anything you can put that telegram down as a forgery." This is typical of the man; he advised one of his friends, entering politics, to pick a *few* enemies carefully, but in general to be *for* things.

He kept clear of personal quarrels and controversies; and in one letter we read that Mr. Pinchot had written him thirty pages proving him a liar and Lane's comment is that rather than reread the letter he will admit the charge. His estimates of most men err, if at all, on the side of generosity, though of Lodge he says (wisely): "The one greatest of vices is smart-aleckism."

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Roosevelt, whom he admired, appointed him to the Interstate Commerce Commission and after six years of arduous work on that immensely powerful board, during which he was occupied with the problem of railway rates and with the famous Express Case (it was in connection with the latter that he devised the zoning system afterwards taken over by the parcels post), he was "drafted" by President Wilson as Secretary of the Interior. Colonel House had expressed the opinion that Lane was the one man available who was qualified to fill any Cabinet position from the Secretaryship of State down. Lane was sincerely reluctant to leave the duties of the commission, and financial considerations (for he had no private fortune) made a Cabinet position onerous in the extreme. Moreover the Department of the Interior, with its numerous bureaus, illogically brought together and not properly coordinated, was particularly distasteful to him. He accepted office, however, without having ever met President Wilson but with high confidence in his chief. Notwithstanding that he had heard of Wilson as cold-blooded and aloof and too much of a "college professor," he found relations with him and with his Cabinet colleagues unexpectedly confident and pleasant. His encomiums extend even to Mr. Bryan, who had, he thought, far more ability than the papers gave him credit for.

Lane's preoccupation with departmental questions, such as the public lands and the development of water-power with the need to adjust the rival claims of various States, was so intense that the opening of the Great War actually passes without comment and it is not till November, 1914, that the subject is mentioned in the Letters. When, however, the full significance of European events looms up he admits that his conservation bills "look like piffling affairs" by contrast. During the first phases of the struggle he was singularly impartial, apparently fulfilling literally Wilson's famous injunction as to neutrality. He comments indignantly upon England's high-handedness (pages 164 and 173) and he admires the strength and resource and courage of Germany, which "is standing off Belgium, England, and France, with her right hand, Russia with her left, and is about to step on Italy." But atrocities and tales of atrocities gradually sank into Lane's mind, and one can trace through the letters a rising tide of indignation against Germany, especially after the reopening of the unrestricted U-boat campaign. There is an illuminating picture of the Cabinet meeting of February 2, 1917, when the President spoke of the German notice of resumption as "an astounding surprise" and yet, in answer to a question, said that he didn't wish either side to win in the war, "for both had been equally indifferent to the rights of neutrals." During the succeeding two months we catch glimpses of the doubts and hesitations and conflicting counsels at Washington, but there is nothing really new in these Letters of the war period.

Lane's opinion of Wilson underwent a change. He quickly saw that the President shunned advice and that it was "hard for him to get on with anyone who has any will or independent judgment." He remained loyal to Wilson's principles while disapproving of his methods. When he was forced, in order to provide for his family, to resign office, he wrote: "I am going without a grouch . . . with a great admiration for Wilson and with a thorough knowledge of his defects."

It is a series of letters at the close of this book that makes it a genuine human document of far more interest than the scattered bits of history and of political gossip that can be found in its earlier pages. Lane visited the famous establishment of the Mayo brothers on more than one occasion for diagnosis and treatment and finally for an operation that had to be undergone with local anaesthetization only. His account of this ordeal (pages 457-462), dictated but six days before his death and when he hoped for recovery, is interesting and moving in the extreme. After his death a fragment was found on which was written a meditation upon the possibility of meeting friends in the other world. He was not religious in the orthodox sense, but there was in him a spiritual-mindedness often lacking in the churches. He had no wide vision of internationalism; he was intensely American; but the finer qualities of Americanism were in him singularly uncontaminated by baser characteristics.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Gentle Bostonians

Memories of a Hostess. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. The Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.

Glimpses of Authors. By Caroline Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

FOR those of us who find the spirit and speed of today a weariness and long sentimentally for an already dimming past, Mrs. James T. Fields's diary and Miss Ticknor's reminiscences will prove grateful books. Mr. DeWolfe Howe has been obliged in his selection from the Diary to omit a considerable amount of material already used in the diarist's own books, but he has found a rich residuum which he has sorted and arranged with no common skill, ordering the whole in such a way as to give a clear impression of a charming and generous-minded woman of the world. These books concern themselves chiefly with memories of literary Boston and the group of interesting people who gathered there during the latter half of last century, and in some cases we get two views of the same set of circumstances and people, which serve to heighten their interest. There are, for instance, parallel accounts of Dickens's second visit to this country and the famous international walking match in which his manager, Mr. Dolby, represented Great Britain, while Mr. Osgood walked and won for the United States. The intimate relationship of Hawthorne and Ticknor and their journey which resulted in the latter's death are discussed in both books, with sufficient divergence to be doubly illuminating. From the Diary one catches glimpses of a new Hawthorne, more vigorous and more humane than the recluse-artist familiar to his average reader, a Hawthorne who could exclaim, whimsically, "Why has the good old custom of coming together to get drunk gone out? Think of the delight of drinking in pleasant company and then lying down to sleep a deep strong sleep."

But not alone is this figure from an age that Miss Ticknor refers to as Augustan revivified for us, for among the men and women who live in these pages are a host of our best-loved and venerated literary folk, including besides all of the foremost American writers of the day, a considerable group of our minor figures in literature, art, and politics, and some of our best-known stage people such as Edwin Booth, Fanny Kemble, and Joseph Jefferson. It is significant of the broad sympathy of these two Boston families, long connected with one of our most respected publishing and book-selling houses, that their hospitality was extended so freely to young and old, to established writers and aspiring beginners venturing for the first time into the sophisticated literary society of Boston. Among these latter figures two of the most engaging are Eugene Field and Lafcadio Hearn, of whom Miss Ticknor tells humorous and intimate stories. She gives us, also, several pleasant glimpses into English homes, where we meet, under delightful conditions, the grand-niece of Jane Austen, and Lady Richie, Thackeray's daughter. Both Mrs. Fields and Miss Ticknor knew many interesting people.

On the whole, however, it is from Mr. Howe's book that one gains most, partly because it evokes more subtly the very spirit of the times it deals with, and partly because it has excellent judgment in valuing its material. An urbanity for which Mr. Howe is partly responsible hovers over the pages of "Memories of a Hostess," making it a really notable collection. Sincerity and gentleness of a kind we like to think typical of older civilizations inform both books, and make us proud that Americans once wore their honors with so much grace.

One could wish that with this sweetness and simplicity there were a dash more of salt, or whatever ingredient it is that

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saves a dish of literature from seeming slightly insipid. Were we to form our opinions of American literary folk from such documents as these at hand, we should gain of them an opinion quite disproportionate to their ultimate worth, and it would be because of an inability to view their product and themselves side by side with the persons and books of other countries and of other times. Perspective, so often inadequate when we talk of ourselves or of those close to us, is notably lacking in much American criticism and certainly in most of the gossip and often shrewd comment in these handsome volumes. Perhaps it is an Anglo-Saxon trait to take oneself too seriously; certainly we rarely see ourselves and our neighbor human beings through that transparent haze of irony which instead of obscuring main features merely serves to conceal insignificant ones. Traveled Americans such as these ladies do much to remove from us the stigma of our provincialism, but they are not themselves entirely free from it. These are books we should not hesitate to boast of to an American, but we should feel less proud of them were we exhibiting them to our British cousins, whose own memoirs and journals have a suave man-of-the-world quality nearly always a little to seek in our home product.

STANLEY ALDEN

The Gift of Laughter

Timothy Tubby's Journal. Anonymous. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

Perfect Behavior. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Love Conquers All. By Robert C. Benchley. Henry Holt Company. $2.

THE anonymous author of "Timothy Tubby's Journal" ventures to hope in his dedication that "this burlesque may do a little to clear the Anglo-American literary atmosphere." If that heavy fog is ever to be lifted it will take a stronger breeze than that caused by "Timothy Tubby's Journal." When not even a veritable gale of laughter can clarify the air it is folly to suppose that a few throaty chuckles can accomplish it. Englishmen and Americans have been laughing—at each other—for years and years, and sometimes they laugh so hard that it hurts; still the dreary fog of misunderstanding hangs between them.

For the book itself, considered quite apart from its altruistic aim, there is little to be said. This imaginary American journal of Timothy Tubby, the famous English novelist, while not quite so labored and humorless as those original diaries of visiting British celebrities that it lampoons, is nevertheless more ponderous in pace than a burlesque should be. There are occasional bits of keen and recognizable caricature in its pages (and I am not referring to Herb Roth's illustrations, which are always admirable), but these brief flashes of wit hardly recompense one for the tedium of hunting them down. The publishers say that "it has been ascribed to half a dozen well-known writers." It might have been written by almost any literate member of the Authors' League.

Now, just when the world is looking bluer and foggier than ever, along comes Donald Ogden Stewart with a little book called "Perfect Behavior." Mr. Stewart's book aims to be "a guide for ladies and gentlemen in all social crises." It is a most thorough manual of manners of all sorts and should prove invaluable as a reference book to those who desire to secure or to preserve a social status—or to learn the proper form for letters to a taxidermist and a bearded lady. With an amazing display of knowledge concerning correct procedure the author discusses every social phenomenon from the peculiar behavior of the best man and ushers at weddings to synthetic gin.

This author is not chary of the gift of laughter and even the most socially correct reader will be forced to accept it with shaking hands and streaming eyes. Although Stewart swings the slapstick of extravagant burlesque, he can handle, upon occasion, the lighter, yet more formidable, quarterstaff of satire. The text is generously interspersed with diagrams of the more poignant social crises by the inimitable Ralph Barton. There is nothing wrong with these pictures.

If there is anyone writing today in these United States who can be funnier in a less obvious fashion than Robert C. Benchley I value my constitution too much to subject it to the shock of his books. This may be extravagant praise of a humorist who achieves his effects by a quiet tickling of one's risibilities, but that's the fault of his own insinuating methods when continued for three hundred and ten pages. "Love Conquers All" is quite the most amusing collection of essays that has appeared since the publication of "Of All Things." The author has surpassed himself in his second volume.

Mr. Benchley's quiet method consists in selecting his situations from life and, without the weird inventions and distortions of burlesque, bringing his own ironic spirit into play. It scintillates about the obvious, transforming it into something quite extraordinarily ludicrous. Here are fathers waving good-by to their families who are off for the seashore, petulant old gentlemen weeding in gardens, pop-eyed auction-bridge watchers, chess players, dentists, salesmen, fathers meeting families returning from the seashore. Their faces seem quite familiar and commonplace until Mr. Benchley begins to talk about them and explain them, and then we realize that we are looking at them for the first time. Even when we are able to control our laughter they do not return to their former dull state. The gilt of this humorist does not so easily wear off. Gluyas Williams does the illustrations. If Benchley were an artist he would draw like that.

HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

The Unhappy Warrior

Disenchantment. By C. E. Montague. Brentano's. $2.

NO one but an Englishman could have written "Disenchantment." No one but an Englishman of the leisure class who had plunged headlong into the war as if it were a kind of glorified cricket match and had come away—if he were fortunate enough—a little disappointed because some of the chaps did not play the game according to Hoyle.

Mr. Montague is disenchanted. Disenchanted about what? Oh, with sergeant majors who were not above selling corporal's stripes, and the War Office, and the pastors who could not feed their sheep, and the press which stooped to the most ungentlemanly falsity, and civilization in general. And it was all on account of the bloody war which came along out of a clear sky and turned the best ordered of gardens into a distressing waste-land where all our pet ideas about decency and sportsmanship and the like looked like a plugged copper. Lo! the happy warriors who had fared forth to give battle to the hosts of darkness in behalf of democracy and humanity "come home draggle-tailed, sick of the mess that we were unwittingly helping to make when we tried to do well."

In a way, Mr. Montague makes me think of Altair, that romantic youth in Romain Rolland's "Lilluli," who followed the will-o'-the-wisp Illusion joyously while she led him open-eyed to his destruction. Most of us were Altairs in those early days of the war. But some of us have come away believing that this thing strikes deeper than the mere upsetting of values we had clutched to our youthful breasts as the hard-won fruits of human progress.

For what hits one between the eyes as one reads these pages is the sickening realization that in Mr. Montague's world war is still war and can be sanctified in a righteous cause. There is no feeling here of the sacredness of life, the crime of murder increased a million-fold when nations fly at each other's throats. Mr. Montague does not at all convince us that he would positively refuse to rip open his brother's bowels if it came again to the point where he was called upon to fight a just war "to

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sober a bully or guard to each man his share of the shellfish and clams." It's too bad, you know, and it hurts one's feelings dreadfully, but what are we going to do about it?

Mr. Montague would have none of Barbusse's perverted "doctrinaire fire." He admits that "men who have seen cities pounded to rubble, men who with little aid or guidance from their own rulers have chased emperors from their thrones, are pretty fully disengaged, at last, from the Englishman's old sense of immutable fixity in institutions which he may find irksome or worthless," but "communism delights him not." He is crammed full of the inveterate suspicions against those who profess to believe in a world purified by a sense of brotherly obligations. He would have us go back to the simple life, "live in a kind of retreat almost cloistral; plenty of work for the faculties, plenty of rest for the nerves, control for desire and atrophy for conceit." "In Arcadien sind wir alle geboren."

"Hard! Yes, but England is worth it." Still harping on good old England. She was worth the holocaust, she was worth the wasted lives of her youngest and best, she will be worth another war when the time arrives. But when it comes right down to the consideration of humanity as a whole, of one brotherhood of man, well, Mr. Montague is disenchanted with the war, not with the roots of war. Is it not dear to the Englishman's heart to let sleeping dogs lie?

"There are three kinds of people," writes Gorki in one of his recent books, "red, gray, and black." Mr. Montague is gray. Having passed through the ordeal by fire, he would have us forget it as one strives to forget a horrible nightmare. With the very seeds that sowed destruction scattered by the four winds of war and multiplied infinitely so that not to recognize the imminent peril of another war is sheer obstinacy and blind folly, he would have us go back to sleep, cuddling Arcadian dreams to our breasts. Between Bismarck and Lenin there is not much difference. Let us go back to our libraries. In the factories, trudging the treadmill of economic slavery, the workers will provide for us. Let us do our part by thinking sweet thoughts, bringing about by a "change in individual temper . . . the sane simplicity of joy in plain things and in common rightness of action."

In conclusion, I want to tilt with Mr. Christopher Morley. In a way he stands sponsor for this book, wrote about it in his column before the pages were on the press. I grant him "Disenchantment" is beautifully written. But when he says that it is "the first book to tell the truth about the war" he is mistaken. Does he forget Romain Rolland's "Clerambault," Barbusse's "Under Fire" and "Light," Andreas Latzko's "Men in War," Siegfried Sassoon's Poems, Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers"? If these books do not contain the whole truth, they strike deeper, wrestle more strenuously with fundamentals. "Disenchantment" is only the awakening of a schoolboy. EDWIN SEAVER

Explaining the Church

The Church in America. By William Adams Brown. Macmillan Company. $2.50.

DR. BROWN is unusually well qualified to deal with his chosen subject by the depth of his interest in it, the intimacy of his connection with ecclesiastical affairs, and the honesty of his desire to report fact correctly. The result is a book which ought to broaden the horizon of many churchmen and give them new insight into their problems at the same time that it confutes superficial critics of the churches who see in them only institutions to be pitied, ridiculed, or ignored. Whether it has in it an answer to a different order of criticism of the church is another matter.

One may find here carefully documented discussion of the religion of the average American, the characteristic traits of different denominations, the actual and latent strength of the church, and all sorts of programs for religious education and denominational cooperation. There is an interesting account of the Interchurch World Movement which does not attribute its failure to the famous Report on the Steel Strike. One does not find—perhaps one should not expect in such a book—any adequate answer to the fundamental question whether organized Christianity can in this as in former generations give men a "synthesis of knowledge with aspiration," or whether it has any original contribution to a solution of our social problems. On these subjects we have the usual liberal platitudes.

Dr. Brown gives the impression that for him the war was the heroic epoch both of the church and democracy. He is quite too honest not to recognize that the war was not wholly a contest of right against wrong. He acknowledges its evils and deplores the fact that the note of hate crept into the pulpit; he is especially grieved that the disillusionment which followed the war wrecked the Interchurch World Movement and left America out of its international parallel, the League of Nations. Nevertheless he considers with much complacency "the success of the church in caring for the soldiers and keeping up the morale of the nation" and he can write these extraordinary words: "Three things the war did for the churches. It showed them the inadequacy of the present organization and methods; it revealed to them the existence of unsuspected resources; it inspired them with an extravagant hope. The inadequacy consisted in the churches' failure to provide the necessary organization for effective cooperation. The resources were the latent idealism in the heart of the American people and their undreamed-of capacity for self-sacrifice in a worthy cause. The hope was that by some simple concerted effort these resources might be effectively mobilized for the service of religion, and the churches, which had showed that they could work together during the war might continue their united effort on an even larger scale in time of peace."

No word, be it noticed, to hint that the church had learned that war was sin, no agonized cry of penitence that the church had done nothing to prevent the tragic situation in which good men (as Dr. Brown elsewhere explains) were forced to choose war as the less of two evils. The passage I have quoted is characteristic and explains why, despite the author's evident sincerity and regard for truth, one can read the book with no sense that he is dealing with the stuff of life. What one hears is not the cries of men but the creaking of ecclesiastical machinery, not the voice of the prophet of conviction but of the apologist for a cherished institution.

And yet perhaps this opinion ought to be accompanied by a confession. My judgment is doubtless affected by my own beliefs. A thoughtful judge—himself a Jew—while the Great War still raged told me that the greatest of all the ironies of history was the fact that the militarized, war-like, acquisitive nations of the West had taken a pacifist Jewish peasant for their God. That irony was ever present to me as I read this book. It was not present to the author; it may not be present to the reader of these lines. In that case he will judge the book by other standards than I have suggested.

NORMAN THOMAS

Drama

Wages of Sin

"RAIN," at the Maxine Elliott Theater, is one of the most notable plays of this or any other season. It is morally profound and dramaturgically brilliant. It projects a great argument without a shadow of the didactic; it lets a bit of life unfold itself with such justness and essential serenity, such veracity and mercifulness of spirit that one's final impression of its people and the action in which they are involved evokes no comment more fit than that supremely human one of Faust:

"Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer fasst mich an."

The play is, curiously enough, that hybrid thing—the drama-

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tization of a story. The story, however, is "Rain"—not "Miss Thompson" as the play-bill has it—from W. Somerset Maugham's "The Trembling of a Leaf," and the dramatizers, Mr. John Colton and Miss Clemence Randolph, both obscure to fame, differ from any others of their profession who have ever come under my observation. The usual method of the dramatizer is to rip out of the fable in question the skeleton of mere action and then to vulgarize that action into a "show." Mr. Colton and Miss Randolph read the story of Maugham with the most sensitive watchfulness. No implication was lost on them, no hint eluded them. Where Maugham's narrative contained a phrase of organic comment, they transferred that phrase with astonishing and unobtrusive felicity to the dialogue. They detached the characters from the printed page and gave them the mobility, the vividness, the directness that drama demands. They made two changes, both on the edge of temerity and both justified by their success. They softened and elevated the character of Sadie Thompson. But they did this in no vulgar way. In Maugham's story the girl is a mere object upon which other passions exercise and wreak themselves. That was clearly impossible upon the stage. Here Sadie Thompson had to have a life of her own; she has to engage sympathy for herself; hence the dramatizers added pathos to mere degradation and the flickering of a human soul gleams through the girl's flesh and finery. Their other change is even bolder. It is really a creative one. For the half-breed trader Horn they substitute, stripped of art and intensity and somber glory, Charles Strickland from "The Moon and Sixpence." They keep the Strickland mood of hard insight and cosmic tolerance and infuse it into the obese body of the guzzling trader. Thus they give the play a psychical background wholly in the spirit of the author. For college workshops and seminars in dramaturgy a book should be printed containing the story "Rain" and the play now founded upon it. With that book in the students' hands most of the theoretical treatises on the subject could safely go to the ash-heap.

The action of play and story, as of all noteworthy fables, has straightness and severity of line. A case of cholera on shipboard maroons for ten days in Horn's inn at Pago Pago in the South Seas a physician and his wife, a missionary and his wife, and Sadie Thompson. Davidson, the missionary, is a hectically sincere, indomitably tyrannous man, utterly incrusted in the falsities of moral myths, utterly unaware of the character of "man, of nature, and of human life." Speaking of his people he says: "We had to make sins out of what they thought natural actions." He wants to save Sadie Thompson's soul; he visits upon her, in the interests of her salvation, every injustice and brutality. Then he prays with her through the nights. He breaks her will and her spirit in utter ignorance of the forces that, ambushed in his starved and throttled human nature, drive him on. The inevitable night of prayer comes on which his religious hysteria breaks through its protective integuments. He cuts his throat. Sadie returns to the world which is her world. The dramatizers have drawn from the fable a final mood of reconciliation that Maugham neglected. The Magdalene pities and forgives.

The element of greatness in the play lies in the fact that Davidson, tyrant, zealot, repressed lecher, is made a tragic figure. His, no more than Sadie Thompson's, is an arbitrary guilt or evil will. The man believes in the absoluteness of the cruel and unnatural moral fictions by which he lives. He believes and trembles and goes, in the inverted service of those fictions, to his desolate and barren end. McPhail, the physician, watches that process and downfall with an unerring eye. But the forces of society have intimidated and confused him even as they have the governor of the island. These men are not unaware of the real causes and nature of things. But Davidson represents the official fictions. These are sustained. Had Davidson believed less, Sadie would have been sent to the States and the penitentiary. But Davidson is genuine and dies. The life-lie, as Ibsen used to say, kills.

A production and performance of high merit cause the play to reach the audience without loss. Robert Kelly, in the part of Davidson, plays with haunting sincerity and force; Rapley Holmes plays the trader with energy and unction; Fritz Williams sounds very delicately the note of intellectual comment and skepticism that is so necessary a psychical foil amid these heated passions; Miss Jeanne Eagels gives quite the best performance of her career and displays an unsuspected gift for natural speech, hard gaiety with a deep undertone of sorrow, softness without excess, quietude without feebleness.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 30, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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Nov. 24—8:40 P.M.....**Scott Nearing**
"Labor Economics"
Nov. 25—8:30 P.M.....**Harry Dana**
"Insect Comedy"
Nov. 25—11 A.M.,
Mrs. Marietta Johnson
"The Development of the Child in Education"
Nov. 26—8:30 P.M....**Paxton Hibben**
"The Near East"
Nov. 29—8:40 P.M.....**Morris Hillquit**
"Socialism in the U. S."

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International Relations Section

The Moscow Sentence

ONE of the numerous protests against the outcome of the trial of the Social Revolutionaries at Moscow appeared in the form of a report by Dr. Curt Rosenfeld, one of the leaders of the German Independent Social Democratic Party, delivered on August 22, at the Berlin conference of party workers.

The bourgeoisie is organizing itself not only on a national, but also on an international scale. The proletariat can answer this only by establishing a united front against the bourgeoisie. The Moscow trial of the Social Revolutionaries is an obstacle to this. Is it possible to talk about a united front with the Communists when, in the country where they are in power, the leaders of the Social Revolutionary Party, the greatest fighters for socialism and for the liberation of the proletariat, are threatened with a death sentence? True, the Berlin agreement had excluded the possibility of death penalty, but the Communists very soon failed to keep their word and cynically broke their promise. . . .

On the Frontier

One must do justice to the Soviet Government; at the frontier we [the foreign defenders of the Social Revolutionaries] were met politely and with honors. We were greeted in the name of the Government and a special car was assigned to us. This was a "gift of the Greeks": because of this car the defenders of the Social Revolutionaries were recognized and met accordingly. At the first frontier station, "accidentally" a large crowd had assembled. A woman approached my window and began to ask how the Independents dared to undertake the defense of the Social Revolutionaries. Vandervelde was blamed for the Versailles treaty and at Liebknecht they shouted: "Cain, where is your brother Abel?" . . . For the rest of our journey we had a military guard. Otherwise—the representatives of the Government assured us—we would have been torn to pieces. . . .

In Moscow

At last we are in Moscow. We are not permitted to leave the train. We are told: "Wait. All Moscow is against you. The Government is powerless to protect you from the wrath of the people." When we were led to the waiting automobile it was necessary to pass through a narrow passage, on both sides of which people were crowding. Insults were hurled at us. We were followed by shouts: "The defenders of the Social Revolutionaries—to prison!" Bukharin, whose face is well known to me, stood not very far from us and shouted as loud as he could: "Rosenfeld!" and then placing two fingers in his mouth "greeted" us. . . .

We were placed under the care of a representative of the "narkomust," who proved to be, as we learned later, an ordinary member of the Cheka. . . . Later, the Soviet press began to accuse us of espionage in order to justify the actions of the Government.

Our first duty in Moscow was to see, as soon as possible, the defendants as well as our Russian colleagues. In answer to this declaration we were always told: "The permission has not yet been received," or "It is impossible," or "The people are so stirred up against you that they can easily tear you to pieces." . . .

A representative of the Ministry of Justice, a spy, is our constant companion. The conversations with the Russian defenders took place in the presence of this representative, who accompanied us everywhere and never left us alone even for a second. This superfluous vigilance was explained as follows: "You might be attacked or have stones thrown at you." (This in the hall of the Supreme Tribunal and in the prison!) We were completely cut off from the outside world, we could receive no one nor could we call on anyone. In Soviet Russia not only the guilty are arrested but also his relatives and all those who come to his apartment. . . .

The Indictment and the Bolshevist Amnesty

The indictment was given to us very late, not in translation but in the original Russian text. We received the German translation after the beginning of the trial. It was very important for us to establish whether the accused actually took part in the assassination of Volodarsky and in the attempt on Lenin's life. No one proved their participation. The bill of particulars declared the defendants guilty of actions which took place in 1917, when the Social Revolutionaries who were in the majority in the Constituent Assembly—dispersed by the Bolsheviki with the help of armed force—really fought the Soviet power. By the amnesty of 1919 they were freed from all punishment, but in a communistic state amnesty is applied not to all those who come under its paragraphs, but to those who promise thereupon not to fight against the Soviet power. What would you say, comrades, if here, in Germany, amnesty were not applied to those Communists who refuse to promise not to fight the government?

The Trial

The defendants are divided into two groups. The members of one group deny all the accusations laid against them; the members of the other confess that they killed Volodarsky and fired at Lenin with poisoned bullets. The former have been continually in prison; the latter are free. Those who confess having committed the crime became Communists, they repent their crime. The defense of these self-declared criminals was undertaken by Bukharin and other Communists. This shows how demagogically and culpably the Communists behaved when they blamed Liebknecht, Vandervelde, and myself for undertaking the defense of those who never participated in the crimes ascribed to them. . . .

The public in the court is picked. Admittance was only by ticket. Tickets were given only to Communists. They often interfered while the defendants were speaking, but the President did not stop them. . . . The agreement of the Berlin Conference to admit all the defenders whom the accused would like to call was not complied with. This, in spite of the fact that for the defense of the accused Communists, advocates were gathered literally from all the corners of the world. Clara Zetkin was to defend the woman who attempted to kill Lenin. This woman later became also an accuser. The refusal to admit defenders for the first group the court explained thus: Only those have the right to appear as defenders at the trial who have the confidence of the Government. When it was proved that this was in contradiction even with the Soviet laws, they answered: "What need is there for defenders when the court enjoys full confidence?" Whenever for some reason the application of the Soviet laws was not advantageous, then it was simply said: "In this case the law is not applicable." We presented a statement asking the court to admit some Russian defenders. The answer was long in coming. After we refused to take up the defense, we received a statement: "As you are no longer the defenders of the Social Revolutionaries, your request has been tabled."

Class Justice

We were repeatedly told that the Social Revolutionaries were being tried by a workers' and peasants' government, by a class tribunal, and that class justice could yield only a class verdict. "We consciously uphold a class justice," emphasized the Communist judges. Comrades, how can we, in Germany fight against class justice; how can the proletariat of the world fight against it, when in Moscow the Communist Government with premeditated design hands down a class verdict? You understand that

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after such declarations on the part of the court we had nothing more to do in Moscow.

The court looked upon the accused as upon class enemies of the proletariat who—in view of the consciously applied class justice must be answerable to the court as class against class. The accused refused to acknowledge the court, denied its right to judge them. To the question whether the accused plead guilty, they answered: "Yes, we are guilty, we are guilty in that we have not worked sufficiently hard for the victory of the proletarian revolution!" . . .

The court passed twelve death sentences. On Tuesday, in hearing these words the Communists cried: "Bravo!" The death sentence is contrary to the Berlin agreement and to the entire socialist ideal. The death sentences are a great crime, but the conditions attached to them are a greater crime. The life and death of the accused depends not upon their personal conduct, but upon the conduct of people whom they are unable to influence in any way. The accused are not afraid of death. We, the defenders were deeply concerned when we asked them not to formulate their statement in harsh language. The accused answered us: "In our defense we cannot consider the danger that threatens us personally." [The audience reminded the speaker how the Communist Brandler behaved before the German tribunal.] After we had refused to defend the Social Revolutionaries the Communists repeatedly tried to persuade us to take up the defense. We had lengthy negotiations on this subject and demanded a categorical declaration that the death sentence would be excluded. . . . Because of Brandler the Soviet Government refused to concede the demands made by the foreign defenders. Radek, the same Radek who at the present time publishes daily in the Soviet press articles in defense of the death sentences, said to me: "If the Soviet Government carries out the death sentences, it will be an absolutely irreparable mistake." In Moscow they trade with human lives as if they were merchandise.

The hour of parting with the accused is an hour that will never be blotted out of our remembrance. The accused showed themselves true heroes. No sooner had we put out our hands to say goodby than the singing of the International broke out. . . . We swore not to forsake them, to appeal to the highest revolutionary tribunal—the international proletariat.

The appeal to the international proletariat bore good fruit. The proletariat the world over clearly and loudly raised its voice for amnesty, for the liberation of the accused, and also at the same time for an end of the persecutions in Soviet Russia of all Socialists notwithstanding their political differences.

We went to Moscow to remove the principal obstacle to the establishment of a united proletarian front.

Now a new obstacle has arisen. We cry to the gentlemen of Moscow: "If the abyss which has widened before us is to be filled by the blood of the accused revolutionaries, then it never will be possible to bridge it. We demand the abolition of the death penalty and the liberation of the accused. We demand in the interests of all humanity and above all for the sake of a united proletarian front the amnesty of all the political prisoners."

I move to accept the following resolution:

The conference of the Berlin party workers of the Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany has received with indignation and repugnance the news of the sentence rendered by the Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal in Moscow against the leaders of the Social Revolutionary Party. The Socialist conference protests most emphatically against the conditional death sentence under which the accused become hostages in the hands of the Soviet Government and unarmed victims in the hands of their enemies. Together with the proletariat of all countries the conference protests against the cruelty of the death sentence and the system of hostages and demands the liberation of the accused Social Revolutionaries. In addition the conference demands an immediate amnesty for all the socialists suffering in prisons or in exile. The conference demands the suppression of terror and the persecution of the socialists.

The death sentences were revoked on the recent anniversary of the Soviet Revolution. No news has been received regarding the present status of the prisoners.

The United States Customs Barrier

By KARL RADEK

The new tariff adopted in America on September 24, signifies the victory of American heavy industry and the farmers over the banks and export capital. In answer to the wails of European capitalism for American assistance, American capital obstructs the import of European-made commodities, making it difficult for Germany to pay her debts to France, and for the latter and Great Britain to pay theirs to America. This measure aggravates not only the international crisis of capitalism, but enhances Russia's importance as a supplier of raw materials for Europe's industries.

I.

EVER since the end of the war, European capitalism has anxiously let its glances travel over the ocean, waiting for Uncle Sam, who helped it to crush Prussian militarism and set democracy and condensed milk in the saddle, to help reconstruct Europe which fared rather badly during the four years of war. The foremost to harbor this hope was Germany.

For even if Wilson rid Germany of its Kaiser, there could be no doubt whatsoever that America, proud of the democratic infant who saw the light of God's world, thanks to that operation, would take care that it was properly nourished. In spite of the fact that Wilson approved of the clauses of the Versailles treaty strangling Germany, in spite of the fact that America declined to interfere in European matters, the American religion lost none of its followers in Germany.

When it became obvious that Germany would never be able to pay her debts to the Allies, the latter, in order to avoid acknowledging their defeat and the bankruptcy of the Treaty of Versailles, began to cast side-glances across the ocean.

The European Allies owe America 10 billion dollars. . . . If one adds the interest which the Allies did not pay, the American bill totals 12.5 billion dollars. Europe is to be saved by America's either renouncing or considerably reducing these demands, which she is little inclined to concede. Renunciation of this demand would mean that America would have to spend several billion dollars every year to cover the interest on the loans to the Allies—more than its whole budget amounted to before the war. Renunciation of the debts would furthermore mean renunciation of its gigantic political lever. But if America declines to forego its demands, the question remains, how the Allies and Europe can pay the interest. The only means would be to increase exports to the States. It is not only a matter of paying the interest of one billion dollars on the debts; the balance of the financial relations between Europe and America is, apart from that interest, as follows:

1. Excess of American exports to Europe over European exports to America	$1,600,000,000
2. Seven per cent on the five billion dollars of European pre-war debts to America	350,000,000
Total in 1921	$1,950,000,000
Europe receives from America:	
1. Interest on European capital invested in America	$100,000,000
2 Remittances of European emigrants to their home countries and remittances of charitable institutions	500,000,000
3. Expenses of American travelers in Europe.	150,000,000
4. Payments for the services of European banks, freight, etc.	50,000,000
Total	$800,000,000

Thus Europe would have to pay America, every year, first one billion dollars for the interest on government debts and

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$1,950,000,000 for the excess of American exports and for the interest on private debts; or about three billion dollars in all. Europe's counter-demands, however, only amount to 800 million dollars. These figures, taken from an article by John Foster Dulles in the first number of *Foreign Affairs*, published by very influential American circles and edited by Professor Coolidge, go to prove the tremendous importance of those difficulties which the new tariff sets in the road to an increase of European export.

II

The new tariff is the outcome of a struggle between the banks, American industry, and the farmers. The banks financing the export of capital to Europe for the purchase of European enterprises and European commodities are the principal spokesmen for the renunciation of the debts, the granting of credits to facilitate the solution of the German reparation problem, etc. If we take into consideration the usurious rates under which American banks have given credits to European countries in recent years, we can easily understand the anxiety of American banking capital to save Europe. Besides the banks, it is those circles that import cheap German goods and sell them at a profit of several hundred per cent, that are also interested in financing Europe and in raising the tariff barriers. A third group working in the same direction is that section of American capital that goes to Europe to buy factories and exploit the cheap European labor market. To facilitate European imports would, however, mean increased competition for American industry which is manufacturing for the home market and is therefore adverse to European competition.

The decline of prices for agricultural products, due to the lowering of the European purchasing power and the appearance of Canadian and Argentinian competition on the local market drove the farmers into the arms of the Republican advocates of a higher tariff, with the result that a tariff was passed which has no parallel in the past. This tariff not only provides for an increase of from 10 to 40 per cent on all custom duties, but it also empowers the President to increase or decrease, on his own initiative, the custom duties by 50 per cent, or in other words, impede or facilitate, as the case may be, the imports to America from Great Britain, France, and the other countries.

The fact that the manner by which the prices of imported goods are to be determined is not definitely formulated makes room for other difficulties. The new tariff will cause an increase of prices, and it is quite possible that it will not survive the next presidential election. For the time being, however, that is, for the next few years, it will result in an aggravation of the international situation.

III

"Many boats with cargoes from Lancashire and other industrial centers are returning with full cargoes. Custom duties on these commodities are so high that in many instances they put a ban on imports. Great Britain will not, or only to a very limited degree, be able to export these articles to America." (*Daily Chronicle*, the organ of Lloyd George.) It adds: "Sir Robert Horne intends to go to Washington to negotiate the question of English debts. But we can pay only if we have credits in America, to obtain which we must export goods there. At the very moment when America was to help us find ways to pay our debts, it excludes those commodities by which alone we can pay. America cannot at once receive our wares and exclude them."

The conservative *Observer*, one of the principal advocates of Anglo-American friendship, points out that America is repeating the mistake committed by France when the latter demanded payment of Germany and at the same time handicapped German exports. But these philosophical considerations will very likely effect the American capitalists just as little as the tears of the German Government bewailing the fact that without an American loan it can not recuperate. All observers of American politics are unanimous in their opinion that public opinion in America, i.e., the broad masses of the petty bour-

*Reproduction of one of six drawings by Benjamin Greenstein **

Contained in

THE MENORAH JOURNAL

"A magazine of more than ordinary interest and one that contains sound literature."
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THE current issue of THE MENORAH JOURNAL is undoubtedly one of the most important ever published. "The Affair at Harvard" gives for the first time the students' part in this fundamental test of Americanism. It is a story of working democracy that every American should read. In "The Dead of the Wilderness," you have a poem that matches the sonorous roll of Milton and the Old Testament. Spinoza is the hero of the drama "The God-Intoxicated Man." Dr. Goldenweiser riddles the superstitious notions anent race differences in a scholarly yet popular article.

Partial Contents

The Affair at Harvard
By Harry Starr

Chaim Nachman Bialik
By Maurice Samuel

The Dead of the Wilderness
Translated from the Hebrew of Ch. N. Bialik
Illustrated by Nahum Gutmann

Benjamin Greenstein
By George S. Hellman

Six Drawings
To "The Song of Songs" and "The King"
By Benjamin Greenstein

The God-Intoxicated Man
A Play in Three Acts
By B. M. Greene

Concerning "Racial Differences"
By A. A. Goldenweiser

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geoisie, are opposed to America's mixing in European affairs. This public opinion is all the more influential as its interests coincide with the interests of the most influential circles of American capitalism; and as long as the 3 or 4 billion dollars, representing the increase in the cost of living resulting from the new tariff, do not rouse the masses and make them overthrow the Republicans, it is ridiculous to expect the repeal of the new tariff.

Apart from its international significance the new tariff has special importance for Soviet Russia, increasing as it does the interest of European capital in Russian raw material and thus improving our outlook for loans to advance our economic reconstruction.

The American Tariff: A Bar to Peace

By GUSTAF CASSEL*

THE most remarkable thing in the new American customs legislation seems to be the economic theory on which it is built. In this respect it is stated quite plainly that the object is to level the costs of production between the United States and other countries. If we imagine other countries introducing a customs system based on the same principle, the world would see a system of customs walls which would equalize all costs of production and which would render all international trade impossible. Because trade between nations is based on the supposition that the costs of production vary in different countries, and the idea of international trade is just to make use of this difference in order to bring about a rational division of labor among the countries and thereby render the world's supply of goods more profitable. The protectionism which has been cultivated in the United States implies a fundamental denial of the utility of this theory, and declares in effect that a country—and therefore all countries—is healthiest if it altogether shuts itself off from the outer world and organizes itself for self-support. The absurdity of this view ought really to be so evident that it might be expected that no legislation would be willing to undertake the part of appearing directly as its defender.

During the last few years it has been noticeable in several countries that the demand for the collection of debts from other countries has advanced hand in hand with the desire for protection against the importation of other nations' goods. This strange combination of entirely opposite endeavors has, however, nowhere been so strongly expressed as in the United States. An inflexibly harsh attitude is adopted toward the wishes of all the suffering European countries for a remission of the United States' claims, and at the same time a customs tariff is adopted, the direct aim of which is to prevent those same countries from paying the United States. American protectionists have traveled round the country and carried on an agitation by exhibiting such and such an article which Europe can make for a fraction of what it costs to produce in America. They have thereby induced public opinion in America to adopt the program that America should not allow such imports. But Europe shall pay; there can be no question of a remission of her debts. Now what does this mean in plain Swedish? Why, it means that they want goods for nothing en masse, but that they refuse to accept goods cheap. If anyone comes along and offers goods at a low price he is turned away with the answer that admittance to the American market can only be granted if he raises his prices to the level of the American prices! What would one think of a private person who managed his business in this way? But what a private person with any intelligence would not do, it is evident that a state will do, especially a great state, which, intoxicated by a new feeling of power, wishes to revel in the exercise of this power by disregarding not only the interests of other nations but also common sense and logic.

* Mr. Gustaf Cassel is financial adviser to the League of Nations and has recently agreed to act in a similar capacity to the new State Bank of Russia. He is a Swede, and is looked upon as one of the foremost living experts on international finance.

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The new customs tariff of the United States will naturally hamper European payments to America and will make heavier the burdens of the European countries which are so heavy already. But if the United States really wishes to collect the payments, the customs tariff can scarcely prevent an importation from Europe. The high customs wall cannot fail to affect the international valuation of the American exchange. When it will become more difficult for Europe to procure dollars by exporting goods to America, the international value of the dollar will exceed the internal purchasing power of the dollar in America. This internal super-valuation of the dollar can become of great importance. Its effect must evidently be to make exportation to America more profitable for Europe and naturally at the same time place difficulties in the way of importation from America. The markets in other parts of the world for American agriculture and other American export industries must naturally be hampered. Those producers cannot avoid sharing the burden of the unwise commercial policy of the United States: a rise in the international value of the dollar will naturally become apparent in America in the form of a fall in the value of other exchanges. It may be that this fall will be considered in America a means of strengthening, in a dangerous manner, the competitive capacity of the rest of the world and may be taken as an excuse for raising the customs duties still further. In such a case the effect can only be a further rise in the value of the dollar in the world market which will put still more life into the blind protectionist agitation in the United States. It is easy to understand how such a development must end and all the damage it will cause to the commerce of the world and the whole economic life of a number of nations. There is so much talk of international cooperation for the restoration of sound exchange conditions in the world. But it must be stated quite distinctly that the first qualification for such cooperation must be a commercial policy which does not place obstacles in the way of a natural equalization of the international payment balance.

Sweden has been comparatively well treated in the new customs legislation of the United States. Our most important articles of export, such as iron ore, wood products, wood pulp, and news paper, have been left free of duty, and also on pig-iron the rate of duty is not more than 75 cents a ton, which corresponds approximately to 2½ per cent of the value of the Swedish export pig-iron, and therefore cannot be an impediment. In Sweden, therefore, the new American customs' legislation cannot do direct harm. Indirectly it can. Sweden's interests are too closely allied with those of the world's commerce for a policy directly destructive to the commerce of the world not to involve a very real inconvenience to the economic life of our country.

Contributors to This Issue

ERNEST H. GRUENING, a member of the staff of *The Nation*, was born in Manhattan, and lived his childhood and the greater part of his life there.

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The editor of the *Dial* interprets "The Waste Land," and other things.

The Kaiser and His Son, *by Lewis S. Gannett*

See "They All Lied," in *The Nation* for October 11, 1922

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